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INDIVISIBLE.

A MOMENT face to face they stood,
While soul met soul in honest eyes
That trembling glowed through unshed tears,
Born of a love that never dies.

They met to speak the saddest word
That e'er on human lips can dwell :
But, O, the mockery to dream
That such as these could take farewell !

For as two roseate clouds unite,
In wake of the departed sun,
Their kindred essence pure and sweet,
These twain had softly merged in one.

They might be severed pole from pole,
Might live through all the years apart ;
What mattered time and space to them
Whose home was in each other's heart ?

He craved a tress of that fine gold
Whose wavy wreaths her forehead graced ;
Bending to grant the boon, he clasped
A zone of pearl about her waist.

A moment more, and he was gone
From sight, nought else. High heart and
mind,
Stronghold of tenderness and truth,
Defied the hour, and stayed behind !

The seasons rolled, and ne'er again
Thus face to face 'twas theirs to stand ;
Yet heart to heart they walked the world
On to the goal, the silent land.

O gift of gifts ! a noble soul
That wraps our own in full embrace,
Till all mean things in love's great sea
Are lost, and self hath no more place.
Good Words. JANE C. SIMPSON.

"LET THE DEAD BURY THE DEAD."

'Tis gone, with its joys and sorrows ;
Its sunshine and storms of rain :
Look not away in the distance,
On relics of grief and pain ;
Look up, dear friends, instead :
Let the dead year bury its dead !

What if our pride have suffered ?
What if the hour of need
Have shown that the friend we trusted
Was worse than a broken reed ?
Look up, though our hearts have bled :
Let the dead year bury its dead.

Let us count the abundant mercies
Our one great Friend has sent ;
The days of our light and darkness —
All gifts of one sweet intent.
No matter the tears we shed :
Let the dead year bury its dead.

Ah, youth has been taught stern lessons,
And we of maturer years
Have learned a yet keener knowledge
Of life's vain hopes and fears.
How surely God's hand hath led !
Let the dead year bury its dead.

And the new-born year shall find us
Courageous, alert and strong ;
Girt up for the strife before us,
Though sharp the trial and long.
On, on, with a firmer tread,
While the dead year buries its dead.
Month.

IN A CHILD'S ALBUM.

SOME day, my child, in poet's tenderest strain,
You may perchance be heard divinely sing-
ing ;
The attar of an ecstasy or pain,
In passioned sweetness flinging ;
Some day.

Some day, it may be, hot wild tears will flow
And show how tempests tear the rose to
blowing ;
And what you sighed in radiant spring to
know,
Will pierce your heart with knowing ;
Some day.

Some day, oh, child ! as one who fain would
rest,
You may await death's peaceful tide inflow-
ing,
And float, with heavenly lilies on your breast,
To heavenly lilies growing.
Some day.

Transcript. MRS. L. C. WHITON.

AT THE PLAY.

DORA seated at the play
Weeps to see the hero perish, —
Hero of a Dresden day,
Fit for china nymphs to cherish ;
O that Dora's heart would be
Half so soft and warm for me !

When the flaring lights are out
His heroic deeds are over,
Gone his splendid strut and shout,
Gone his raptures of a lover,
While my humdrum heart you'd find
True, though out of sight and mind.
Athenzum. EDMUND W. GOSSE.

From The British Quarterly Review.

THE POETRY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.*

THE poetical books of the Old Testament have always possessed special attractions for scholars as well as for simple readers of the Bible, and have gathered round them a copious literature, in which no period of Christian theology is unrepresented. But the study of Hebrew poetry, as poetry, is a comparatively recent thing, and even in recent times the number of really important books that deal with the subject is by no means large. It cannot indeed be supposed that there ever was a time when readers of the Old Testament were altogether insensible to the poetic genius and beauty of the Psalms and of the prophets; but the idea that these qualities, or indeed that any of the literary and human characteristics of Scripture demand and richly reward special study, is one which, however obvious it appears in the present day, lay quite beyond the horizon of older theologians.

The purely magical conception of Scripture which prevailed in the old Catholic Church—the one-sided theory that regarded the word of God solely as a supernatural communication of “intelligible” truths—was only consistent in laying down a canon for the study of the Bible which has nothing in common with the rules that guide us in criticising and appreciating human writings. The Reformation, with its profounder apprehension of the idea of the word, opened a new era in biblical study. The word of God, as conceived by Luther, is no longer the abstract imparting of intellectual truth, but the personal message of God's love in Christ, to which the saints of all ages return the equally personal answer of faith.

Thus the whole truths of revelation are at once brought down from the unreal world of *intelligibilia* into the sphere of true and personal human life. The word descends into history, comes near to man in his daily needs, and opens up to him the very heart of God in utterances that speak straight home to every one who is taught of the spirit. This implies that the word of God is given to us in the natural language of mankind, and is to be studied by the same methods of exegesis as we apply to any other ancient book. Thus in the hands of the earlier reformers the science of biblical interpretation assumed a new aspect. The allegorical sense—that great incubus of mediæval exegesis—was cast aside, and the Bible history was laid hold of with a new and vivid interest, which bore remarkable fruit in the social and political, as well as in the purely religious development of the Protestant nations. Nor was the recognition of the genuine human character of the sacred history all that was gained. The beginnings at least of an historical interpretation of prophecy are to be found in Luther's prefaces to the German Bible. And, above all, a decisive step towards a right appreciation of the human aspects of the Old Testament poetry is taken by the great reformer in the preface to the Psalter of 1531, where the Psalms are mainly considered, not as supernatural doctrine, but as the truly human utterance of the inmost heart of the Old Testament saints. But in this point, as in many others, the first promise of the Reformation was not fulfilled in the sequel. The spiritual insight that supplied a just point of view required to be supported by a scientific construction, for which means were then unattainable. The whole realm of exegesis and criticism could not be revolutionized in a day. Methods of interpretation really inconsistent with Protestant principles crept back in detail. And very soon the original living conception of God's word began to grow stiff and cold. Men's chief interest lay in doctrinal polemic, and that interest seemed to be best served when Scripture was viewed mainly as a divine body of doctrine. Even in the system of Calvin, whose commentaries are distinguished by an attempt far be-

* (1.) *De Sacra Poesi Hebræorum Prælectiones Academicæ Oxoni habuit* a R. LOWTH. Oxford. 1753.

(2.) *Vom Geist der Ebräischen Poesie*. Von J. G. VON HERDER. Erster Theil. 1782. Zweiter Theil. 1783. Our references are to the cheap reprint of Herder's complete works. Stuttgart. 1852.

(3.) *Die Dichter des alten Bundes*. I. Th. 1 Hfte. *Allgemeines über die Hebräische Dichtung und über das Psalmbuch*. Von HEINRICH EWALD. Neue Ausarbeitung. Göttingen. 1866. (First Edition, 1839.)

(4.) *Geschichte der poetischen Nationalliteratur der Hebräer*. Von E. MEIER. Leipzig. 1856.

yond his age to take a broad philosophical view of the history of revelation, the growing tendency towards a one-sided exaltation of what is doctrinal appears in marked contrast to the spirit of Luther's earliest Reformation writings. And the days of the Epigoni saw the growth of a Protestant scholasticism, which left room for advance in the details of exegesis, but effectually checked a just appreciation of the human characteristics of the Bible. Theologians arose to whom the boldness of Luther appeared audacity, and who gave up the justest results of Calvin's exegesis as verging towards rationalism. The immediate perception of God's voice speaking in Scripture had grown dull, and a generation which required to have the divineness of the Bible proved to it by intellectual arguments had lost the firm ground which alone could give freedom to do justice to the truly human characters of the record of revelation. Thus one side of the original Reformation impulse was more or less absolutely divorced from the theology of the Church. The desire for a more truly historical treatment of biblical theology expressed itself in the school of Cocceius in forms not unsuspected by the stricter orthodoxy, and often not free from extravagance; while the literary and æsthetic qualities of the Bible became an object of study to men who shared in that revulsion against dogma which waxed so strong towards the close of the seventeenth century. Thus arose the breach between the theological and the literary methods of approaching Scripture, which on both sides has been so fruitful of false science, and which cannot be healed until those who receive the Bible as the record of divine revelation gain a faith strong enough to enable them to see that the right conception of God's word permits, nay, demands, the freest study of the sacred record by all the methods of historical and literary criticism.

The nature and limits of the interest in the Old Testament poetry which was felt by the last champions of the period of Protestant orthodoxy, may be judged from the treatment of the subject in the learned "Introductio" of J. G. Carpov. Of the chapter which discusses biblical poetry in

general, by far the largest part is occupied with the purely formal question of the existence and nature of Hebrew metres. And it is thoroughly characteristic that the only other question that is raised is why the divine wisdom was pleased to insert in the sacred volume several books composed in metre and tied down to rhythmic numbers. From such a state of things a reaction was inevitable; and in the first instance, as we have said, the problem of æsthetically appreciating the Old Testament fell into the hands of men who had a keener interest in the beauty of the Hebrew poetry than in the deep religious life with which that poetry is instinct. By such hands the problem could not be solved, for in a work of art true appreciation of the form is inseparable from sympathy with the thought which the form embodies. But much was gained by the very statement of the problem. It was no small merit to make men feel that as *poetry*, the writings of David and Isaiah are as worthy of study as the poems of Homer or of Virgil.

The idea of looking at the poetry of the Old Testament in this light was one that could not fail to grow up in many minds, almost contemporaneously, under the same historical influences. But the work which first brought the subject of Hebrew poetry, as such, distinctly before the eyes of the world, was Lowth's "*Praelectiones*." These lectures were delivered from a chair of poetry, not of theology, and their starting-point was the principle that the artistic qualities of the inspired writings are not excluded from the domain of criticism. (*Praël. ii.*)* The work is mainly occupied with discussion of the peculiarities, figures, etc., of the Hebrew poetical style, and with an investigation into the various species of Hebrew poetry. There is not much in these inquiries that can now be read with great pleasure or profit. The

* That this principle was then by no means obvious, may appear from a single example which we select from Carpov. Vossius had said that the ancient Hebrew poetry was rude and unpolished. *Id.* replies the Leipzig professor, in *Spiritus S. Biblicæ* *Poeseos autorem injurium videtur, quasi fons ille sapientia, . . . e Græcia demum lepores accersere ac ab infidelium hominum artificio et labore veneres connectari, verumque expectare debuerit venustatem.*

taste of the eighteenth century was formed upon principles with which our age has little sympathy. Lowth was far too much guided by the analogies of Western poetry to do full justice to the peculiarities of an Oriental literature; and as has been already hinted, the divorce of the poetic form from the religious contents of the Old Testament necessarily obscured the true features of the problem. The most lasting result of Lowth's researches lies in the doctrine of parallelism, and it may fairly be questioned whether subsequent investigators have done wisely in following him so closely on this topic. But with all its faults the book produced, and deserved to produce, a great effect: it struck a keynote to which the whole scholarship of Europe gave a ready response.

In almost every branch of learning and science it has been the fatality of England to indicate fresh subjects or strike out fresh methods of investigation, and then to look on with apathy while foreign scholars eagerly press forward on the newly opened path. Since the days of Lowth our countrymen have scarcely made one contribution to the scientific criticism of Hebrew poetry, and it may be doubted whether the "*Prælectiones*" themselves have not been more read in Germany than in England. Herder, when he gave to the world his "*Geist der Ebräischen Poesie*"—the book which marks the next decided step in the progress of our subject—could assume that the *prælectiones* of the English bishop were familiar to all his readers.*

The very title of Herder's book indicates a vast advance on his predecessor. While Lowth busies himself with the *art* of Hebrew poetry, the theologian of Weimar expressly treats of its *spirit*. If the former professed only to commend a choice poetry to students of polite letters (p. 22), the latter seeks to introduce his readers, through the æsthetic form, into the inmost spirit of the Old Testament. His pages glow with an enthusiasm which is not the cold admiration of an indifferent critic, but the warmth of a man to whose

heart the religious meaning of the Bible comes home with personal force. Thus Herder displays much more fully than Lowth the power to enter into the soul of the Old Testament writers which is essential to thorough criticism, and he recognizes with wonderful keenness many of the unique features that separate the poetry of the Hebrews from that of the Western nations. Lowth proposed to survey the streams of sacred poetry, without ascending to the mysterious source. Herder's great strength lies in his demonstration of the way in which the noble poetry of Israel gushes forth with natural unconstrained force from the depths of a spirit touched with divinely inspired emotion. Lowth finds in the Bible a certain mass of poetical material, and says: "I desire to estimate the sublimity and other virtues of this literature — *i.e., its power to affect men's minds*, a power that will be proportional to its conformity to the true rules of poetic art."* Nay, says Herder, the true power of poetry is that it speaks from the heart and to the heart. True criticism is not the classification of poetic effects according to the principles of rhetoric, but the unfolding of the living forces which moved the poet's soul. To enjoy a poem is to share the emotion that inspired its author.

If the rules of art are true they flow from the nature of the feeling with which the subject of the song is embraced by the poet's heart; but characteristics of the singer, the situation, the language, always combine towards the effect. The application of the rules then must always be a *living* application, and so always partial; in brief, where they are true, who will not rather feel and develop them afresh for himself in each song, than borrow them from foreign models? . . . Let the lays of the Hebrews be examined in their primitive nature and beauty; let the teacher show the scholar what subject is sung, and with what interest, what emotion dominates the song, how it moves, into what veins of feeling it expands, how it begins, proceeds, and ends.

Herder was deeply impressed with the conviction that this method of looking at the Old Testament was nothing less than the rediscovery of a lost literature, which

* Vol. i., p. 3.

* *Præl.* ii., p. 19.

all the commentators had only buried deeper in the dust of ages. Away with all practical application to modern times! Let us see the primeval age, and in it the heart and mind of David and his poets.*

The historico-psychological criticism which Herder so warmly advocated no longer needs to be recommended in opposition to the old method of dinning the poet's beauties into the reader's ears; but there are still many who are but half convinced that its application to the sacred record can be otherwise than profane. Yet it is obvious that he who represents Scripture as speaking from the heart and to the heart, has returned in a cardinal point to the genuine Reformation conception which Protestant theology had almost forgotten; and that the theologian who is not prepared to assert that the Bible has no human side at all, can exempt no element of the Psalmist's productivity from the laws of psychology and history, unless on the condition that in return another element shall be withdrawn from the sphere of inspiration.

In demanding that the poetry of the Hebrews be studied according to the laws of historical psychology, Herder laid down a principle of permanent importance, but his application of the principle is marred by many defects. The plan of his work was gigantic. An introduction, which forms nearly half of all that the author actually put on paper, discusses the basis on which the Hebrew poets built—the poetic structure of the language, the primitive ideas of the race, and its earliest fortunes to the time of Moses. With Moses commences a full and elaborate history of all that influenced the poetry and poetic conceptions of Israel; and this task is so widely conceived, that had the book been completed, almost the whole material of the Old Testament would have been worked up in its pages. So large an undertaking had for the first condition of success an accurate conception of the total historical development of Israel. That Herder was not in possession of such a conception cannot be imputed to him as a fault, for a century of further study has still left much that is obscure even in vital points of the Hebrew history. But under such circumstances the work was premature. The continuity of development which is traced has often no objective truth, and its apparent consistency means only that where it was impossible to read the poetry in the light of history, the his-

tory itself has been read by the light of poetical ideas, and the lack of precise conceptions has been concealed in a mist of genial subjectivity. In this mist the objective features of Hebrew culture, intellect, religion, melt away into indistinctness. The specific peculiarities that distinguish the religion of revelation from other primitive faiths are so little emphasized, that a product so intensely Hebrew as the book of Job is supposed to have been the work of an Idumean poet. The whole history tends to disappear in poetry, while the objective peculiarities of the poetry itself lose their sharpness from an exaggerated endeavor to resolve everything into a purely untutored flow of natural feeling, unaided by art and uncolored by reflection. These faults are in some measure due to the far too early date to which the criticism of the age referred many parts of the Old Testament; but it is singular that any critical prepossession should make it possible for so acute an observer to read off the simple prose of Genesis as verse, or to ignore the very high degree of conscious art that runs through so much of the poetry which Herder assigns to the remotest and most primitive antiquity.*

With all these defects, the labors of the poet and philosopher of Weimar made an epoch in the study of Hebrew poetry, for they vindicated for that study its proper place as an integral portion of the larger historical problem of reconstructing in its totality the life, growth, and vital activity of the Hebrew nation. Thenceforth progress in this department of criticism was bound up with the general progress of historical research into the Old Testament development, and no great advance on Herder was possible except in connection with enlarged and more accurate views of the history of Israel as a whole. Such views grew but slowly. During the first decennia of our century speculation on Old Testament problems was little more than a chaos of acute but disjointed and arbitrary conjecture. It is not therefore surprising that nearly forty years elapsed between Herder's death and the appearance of the next really important contribution to our subject; and it was fitting that this contribution should come from the pen of the scholar who more than any other man has succeeded in gathering up the many-sided material of the Hebrew records into the oneness of a living, or-

* II. 2, ix. Vol. ii., p. 237.

* On this last point compare the instructive remarks of Ewald in his "Eighth Year-Book," p. 599.

ganic structure. The characteristic power of Ewald is the intuition by which, without conscious induction or articulate proof, he comprehends within his gaze the whole heterogeneous data of a complicated historical or critical problem, and divines the unity in which all these fragments find their harmony. Concentrating this peculiar instinct on the historical monuments of the religion of revelation, Ewald has enriched all parts of Old Testament science with a multitude of fresh and original views, and has everywhere struck out paths in which even those scholars are compelled to walk who have least sympathy with the peculiar character of his genius. With these rare powers, Ewald it must be admitted unites corresponding defects, which have greatly limited his influence and often imperil the accuracy of his conclusions. As his historical inductions are intuitive rather than reasoned out, he lacks the power of verifying his results. His arguments are always constructive, and he is seldom able to acquiesce in a negative result, or to admit a doubt as to the objective truth of a theory that satisfies his subjective sense of harmony. But as a constructive critic he has no equal, and many scholars who ungenerously depreciate his services to biblical science are themselves doing little more than laboriously check off, and verify or reject by the usual apparatus of historical induction, the wealth of results, theories, and suggestions which Ewald has lavished upon the world of science.

Since Herder's unfinished essay, only one considerable attempt has been made to construct a comprehensive history of Hebrew poetry. And though the late Professor Meier was a man of unquestionable æsthetic capacity, and though in Germany his work has drawn forth the interest of many who are not theologians by profession, its merits are not such as to forbid the expression of the opinion that even now many essential points of Hebrew history, and many questions as to the date of the Hebrew records remain so obscure that any such work, however interesting and instructive, must either fall in great measure into the shape of detached essays, or must assert the form of historical continuity by bold guesses and large assumptions. The character of the different epochs of Hebrew literature is gradually growing clear to us, and some of the greatest figures in that literature stand before us in sharply defined outline. But much remains obscure, and even those results of recent criticism which seem most cer-

tain are far from being universally admitted. While it is still denied by influential critics that a single Psalm can safely be ascribed to David,* while competent judges dispute whether the Song of Solomon is a drama or a collection of lyric fragments, and while the dates assigned to the Book of Job in the critical school itself differ by many centuries, it is obvious that if there is not much room for new theories there is at least a call for much new proof. Such proof must for the most part consist of an examination of minutæ, in which only theologians can be expected to take much interest. Instead, therefore, of wearying our readers by introducing them to the conflicts of detail which at present occupy the arena of criticism, we shall endeavor to set before them some of those results in which all are agreed, and from which every one may find assistance towards an intelligent study even of the English Bible.

There are two marks which characterize every real work of fine art. The *first* of these marks is that it must embody a *creative thought*, that it must exhibit the power of the human spirit to seize, shape, vivify, and subdue under its own dominion the dead matter of unformed impression presented to the mind in the two universes of external nature and internal feeling. And then, in addition to this character of creativeness, a *second* mark is required to distinguish æsthetic from scientific production. While science values each new thought only as a fresh step towards the intellectual comprehension of the whole universe, the artist confines himself to thoughts which possess for him a value quite independent of the inferences that may be drawn from them for a more general body of truth — thoughts to which he can give a self-contained expression, without caring to use them as means to a remoter end. In a word, every work of art is a product of creative thought, having its end within itself. In science the joy of each new attainment is absorbed in the fresh impulse to further pursuit of truth; the search for knowledge knows no rest till the whole universe has been subdued. A work of fine art points to no end beyond itself, and urges directly to no activ-

* This position was maintained by Hupfeld, mainly, one is compelled to judge, from the general bluntness of his historic sense, which made him partly indifferent and partly sceptical in questions of authorship. When the same thing is maintained by Kuenen, the explanation must be sought not in indifference to the chronology of the Psalms, but rather in the partiality of this critic for a peculiar historical (or unhistorical) theory of the religion of Israel.

ity save that of enjoying to the full the satisfaction that accompanies every exertion of completed mastery of thought over matter.

It is obvious that the earliest efforts of human thought could not possibly go out in the direction of scientific construction. The notion of an organic system of truth advancing from generation to generation, till it grasp the whole universe, can begin to be entertained only with the beginning of a scientific *diadoche*, of a regular organization of thinkers and workers, each of whom takes up and carries forward in fresh developments the truth received from his predecessor or his neighbor. And this again involves an amount of mental discipline, a power of continuous self-denying effort, and a devotion to an abstract aim lying far beyond the lifetime of the individual worker, which are wholly unknown in the childhood of society. But we are not therefore to conceive of the early races of mankind as savages, acting only under the pressure of material needs or the incitement of animal instinct. If history and psychology have a voice at all, they declare to us that man was not developed by chance from the lower creation, but came complete from the hands of God himself, with an eye to behold the harmony of creation, a heart sensitive to emotion and sympathy, a spirit not passive and perplexed under the myriad impressions that pour in upon it from the universe without, but able and eager to give form and grace to these impressions by thought reproductive of the divine idea, in which alone the beauty and order of the universe repose.

The earliest exercise of these inalienable faculties of the human spirit is childlike, but not therefore weak and childish. All primitive nations are too childlike to act except under the stimulus of imagination or emotion. Intellectual effort therefore is not calm and disciplined, but passionate and absorbing. All thought stands in immediate contact with living impressions and feelings, and so, if incapable of rising to the abstract, is prevented from sinking to the unreal. This indeed is a quality of primitive thought which we moderns are very apt to ignore or to deny. We so uniformly speak of nature in the language of abstraction, inference, scientific theory, that we can hardly conceive that the earliest human speech offers only the direct, and therefore infallible reflection of what is felt. If a Hebrew poet accosts the morning star as "bright-rayed son of the dawn," we are far likelier to fall

into conjectures as to Semitic mythology than simply to accept the perfect image of newborn splendor floating in the lap of the early twilight. The tendency of the modern mind which this instance exemplifies is one that must continually be guarded against in dealing with early Eastern literature, and especially in dealing with the Old Testament. It is this misconstruction which on the one hand produces the biblical cosmologies, biblical psychologies, Mosaic astronomies and geologies that still perplex the unwary; while on the other hand it has given rise to the fundamental fallacy of the negative criticism, the extraordinary delusion that the Hebrew race is indifferent to objective reality and historic truth.

To follow out these remarks would carry us too far from our present argument. What we are now to observe is the contrast between the later habit of thought which inclines to look at everything in its logical and causal relations, and the primitive, childlike habit of thought which is completely absorbed in the one thing that is immediately before the mind. The first kind of thought makes science, the second makes poetry. For, as we have seen, the characteristic mark of poetry as a fine art is that it has its end within itself. A poetic theme, therefore, is a theme in which the mind finds such interest as to have no impulse to pass away from it, such delight as to strive by every effort to attain full sympathy with its beauty, full mastery over its details. To the primitive and childlike mind every emotion that rises above sensuality, every aspect of nature that is not directly interwoven with bodily needs, possesses these qualities and invites poetic treatment. Each new thought is a lyric unity answering to a unity of feeling. The thinker is of necessity a poet, whose task is not to display his idea in its relation to other thoughts, but to grasp it as it is in itself, to put upon it the impress of his own mastery, and give it enduring shape and comeliness by clothing it in articulate form. For it is not as mere inarticulate impression or emotion that the new thing which confronts the poet with vivid concreteness and force of absorbing passion can be rightly felt and understood. Only when bound down in fit utterance, and so made subject to the sovereignty of thought, do the subtle and many-sided phases of nature reveal themselves in their true significance and beauty. The simplest impression of inner or outer nature bears within it something of infinitude which

only the artist can grasp aright and reduce to finite expression. Nowhere is the task of the nature-poet more pregnantly set forth than in the myth of the binding of Proteus. The simplest manifestation of nature has countless shapes and changeable aspects, which by their glamor deceive the eyes and delude the grasp of men. The true artist is he who, casting over Proteus the chain of artistic expression, sets forth in a single and adequate form the mobile many-sidedness of one idea, and receives as his reward a revelation of truth where other men find only illusion.

From the conception that the earliest creative thought is to be regarded as a lyrical reflection of the impressions of internal and external nature, the inference is obvious that the growth of language, so far as it rose above the crude expression of daily needs, was at first wholly shaped by poetic necessities, and urged forward by poetic motives. This remark is not only true of language in general, but finds a just application to the characters that distinguish one language from another. The beginnings of prose composition, in any higher sense than that in which M. Jourdain spoke prose—in any sense therefore which can influence the subtler qualities of language—are long posterior to the differentiation of national tongues; and, in fact, prose composition is possible only after the individuality of the language has been clearly stamped by a rich national poetry. Thus the quality of the poetic thought of each people is imprinted on its speech, while reciprocally the psychological and artistic peculiarities of the speech permanently control the national poetry, and form perhaps the strongest influence towards the preservation of a fixed character in the nation itself. If we desire, then, to grasp the peculiar qualities of Hebrew poetry, we cannot begin better than by following Herder in his admirable remarks on the poetical character of the language of Israel.

Since action and delineation are of the essence of poetry, and since the *verb* is the part of speech that depicts action, or rather sets action directly before us, the language that is rich in expressive pictorial verbs is a poetical language, and is more poetical the more fully it can turn nouns to verbs. What a noun sets forth is dead, the verb sets all in motion. . . . Now in Hebrew almost everything is verb—that is, everything lives and acts. . . . The language is a very abyss of verbs, a sea of waves, where action rolls surging into ever new action.* . . . Nor does the

speech lack such *nouns* and *adjectives* as it requires. . . . It is poor in abstractions, but rich in sensuous representation, and has such a wealth of synonyms for the same thing, because it desires always to name, and as it were to paint the object in its full relation to all accompanying circumstances that impress themselves on the senses. The lion, the sword, the snake, the camel, have so many names in Oriental (Semitic) languages because each man originally depicted the thing as it appeared to himself, and all these rivulets afterwards flowed into one. Even in the small relics of Hebrew that we possess the profusion of sensuous epithets is very notable. More than two hundred and fifty botanical names in a collection so short and so little varied in subject as is the Old Testament. How rich would the language appear had we still its poetry of common life.* . . . The *pronouns* stand forth in bold relief, as in all language of the passions. The scarcity of *adjectives* is so supplied by combinations of other words that the attribute appears as a thing, nay, even as an active being. With all this, I conceive the language is as poetic as any upon earth.†

Passing to the Hebrew roots, Herder remarks how they unite picturesqueness with feeling, repose with passion, strength with softness of tone.

The northern speeches imitate the sound of nature but rudely, and as it were from without: they creak, jar, and rustle like the objects themselves. In the south the imitation of nature is more delicate. The words have passed through the finer medium of emotion,

the exacter doctrine of the Hebrew verb forms which we owe to that scientific school of Semitic grammarians of which De Sacy was the pioneer. Our abstract division of past, present, and future time has no existence in the Semitic verb forms. The Semitic, but most fully the Hebrew, distinguishes only perfect and imperfect action. A notion that appears in the mind of the speaker as still *growing* is put in the imperfect, whether the objective scene of its growth is the past, the present, or the future. Inversely, actions conceived as complete are put in the perfect. Thus, if the Hebrew wishes to say, *I went and saw him*, *went*, as the completed presupposition of the seeing, stands in the perfect; but *saw*, which grows out of the *went*, is put in the imperfect, with only a slight modification to show that the action is imperfect only relatively to the *went*, not relatively to the speaker's present position. Conversely, in the sentence *I will go and see him*, the Hebrew feels that the means grow out of the end, which, in idea, is the fixed and completed *grus*. Therefore *I will go* stands in the imperfect, but *see* in the perfect. Nothing can show more clearly how the action and reaction of *living* ideas is the dominating principle of the language.

* On this topic compare the remarks of Isaac Taylor in his "Spirit of Hebrew Poetry," p. 94. This ingenious treatise, though purely the work of an amateur, and therefore quite deficient in scientific sharpness of conception, is written in a spirit of glowing poetic sympathy, and contains some good things. Taylor shows that the Old Testament contains as many words about sea and water as the English language can muster even when technicalities and colloquialisms are reckoned.

† Vol. I., pp. 15-18.

* This acute observation receives fresh force from

they are framed as it were in the region of the heart, and so give not coarse reproductions of sound, but images which feeling has modified by impressing upon them its softer seal. Of this union in the tones of the roots between internal feeling and external image, the Semitic languages are a model. "What!" cries the interlocutor of Herder's dialogue, "these barbarous, gurgling gutturals?" "Yes," replies Herder. "We who live in smoke and fog speak between tongue and lip, and open our mouths but little. The Italian and the Greek again speak *ore rotundo*, and do not bite their lips together. The East draws its tones still deeper from the breast, from the heart itself, and speaks as Elihu begins.

I am full of words,
The spirit within me constrains me:
It ferments in my breast like must corked up,
It bursts like new bottles.
I must speak, that I may be refreshed:
Open my lips, and answer.

When these lips opened it was doubtless a living sound, image breathed forth in the stream of emotion, and this, I think, is the spirit of the Hebrew tongue.*

Our space precludes fuller reproduction of Herder's admirable demonstration that the Hebrew language marks out the nation that spoke it as a race through whose whole life ran a deep vein of intense but very *subjective* poetry. Let us however concentrate our attention on the quality of *subjectivity*, which is the main key to the psychological criticism of the Old Testament literature. The Hebrew language, as Herder has shown us, is fitted to express nature, not realistically, as it presents itself to the outer unsympathetic eye, nor simply sensuously idealized as in the art of Greece, but as it appears when seen through the medium of passionate human interest and transmuted in the alembic of internal feeling. The perfection of the Hebrew language as a vehicle of emotion is in truth most strikingly seen in points of grammatical structure to which Herder does not allude. Every nicety of form and construction has for its end the expression of varying relations of feeling between the thinker and his thought. In the hands of David or Isaiah every word, every suffix, every modification of order or of tone, expresses some delicate shade of emotion hardly reproducible in another language. Such a tongue is the fit organ of a fervid and imperious personality which

refuses to be the mere interpreter of nature, and esteems nothing which cannot be brought into concrete relation to itself. The unimpassioned, intellectual admiration of the ideal of sensuous beauty, which is the ruling principle of Greek art, is unknown to the Semite. He values nature only in so far as it moves and affects him, or is capable of being moved and affected by him. He has no sense therefore for that objective harmony of a beautiful scene which is independent of the varying emotions with which men may look upon it. To him nature is what he feels as he beholds it: the universe is a complex of living powers with which he enters into a fellowship of joy and woe, of love and dread, of confidence and fear; which awe him with the utterance of infinite might, or furnish him with matter of victorious boasting if he is able to bend them to his own service.

The art which corresponds to such a view of nature is necessarily *unplastic*. The Hebrews never attained excellence in the reproduction of natural things by the pencil or in sculpture, and their poetry contains no example of that elaborate word-painting which calls up a scene in its objective harmony and full sensuous beauty. It would be wrong to conjecture as the reason of this deficiency the want of a quick eye for outward things. On the contrary, the very richness of the Hebrew tongue in appropriate names for sensible objects is sufficient proof that everything in nature that has a human interest, everything that touches directly on the life of man, and addresses itself to his emotions and his heart, is laid hold of with the keenest appreciation and the subtlest sympathy. But in truth nature is too full of meaning, and speaks too strongly to the heart of the Israelite, to suffer him calmly to analyze and reproduce its individual traits. To him the unity and harmony of an outer scene or a train of thought is always a unity of passion and feeling. He does not therefore depict nature in the just balance and organic relation of its parts, but seizes one and another isolated feature and absorbs them into the stream of an all-transmuting emotion. Hence the few instances of plastic art which are recounted in the Old Testament are all symbolic. It is most characteristic that we have no description of the cherubim which would enable an artist to reconstruct them. The symbolic parts of which they were composed are enumerated with care; but we have no hint of an attempt to give to the figure built up from these heterogeneous

* Page 20. To appreciate the description of the gutturals as tones drawn from the depths of the breast, the reader must remember that the Hebrew gutturals do not, like the Scotch and German *ch*, strike the palate, but are purely breathed up from the throat like the English *h*. But while our alphabet has but one such letter, the Hebrew writes four gutturals, and in pronunciation distinguished five or six.

symbols anything of objective symmetry and beauty. Beyond doubt no such attempt was made.*

The same want of plastic power characterizes the delineations of Hebrew poetry. The descriptions of Homer or of Sophocles at once suggest pictorial treatment; but no pencil could reproduce the war-horse or the leviathan of Job, where the unity of the picture lies wholly in the emotion of admiration and awe into which the sensuous elements of the description are absorbed. Or for an example of a different kind take the Book of Ruth. Could a Western writer have related a story so idyllic with a harmony so poetically perfect, and yet with so complete an elimination of the plastic pictorial element? The book is full of vivid lifelike detail. But everywhere that detail is directly subservient to the human interest of the action. There is not one touch of coloring or description that would help a painter in depicting the scene.

It must not be imagined that for this reason Hebrew poetry is remote from nature. The whole Old Testament literature is rich in small fragments of the most delicate observation embodied in a sentence, sometimes in a word; but these fragments are strung upon a thread of feeling instead of being set forth by artistic composition and grouping of parts. A typical example is the first chapter of the prophecy of Joel. Every verse sparkles with gems. Each little picture, suggested rather than drawn, is in the most exquisite harmony with the feeling of the prophet. The fig-tree stripped of its bark, standing white against the arid landscape; the sackcloth-girt bride wailing for her husband; the night watch of the supplicating priests; the empty and ruinous garners; the perplexed rush of the herds maddened with heat and thirst; or the unconscious supplication in which they raise their heads to heaven with piteous lowing, are indicated with a concrete pregnancy of language which the translator vainly strives to reproduce. But the composition is a crystallization, not an organism, a series of boldly etched vignettes, not a single picture.

It is obvious that a poetry of this type

refuses to be judged by our usual canons of criticism. We are not to ask for unity of composition where the poet himself designs only unity of feeling; nor may we, in criticising so subjective a poetry, condemn anything as grotesque and inharmonious that is not disproportionate to the dominant emotion. This remark is peculiarly applicable to the gigantic images and metaphors of the Old Testament. In Western poetry an image is always liable to criticism in itself, and nothing is admitted for purposes of illustration that would be quite fantastic as the description of a reality. But to the Hebrew no image is too bold to give utterance to the emotion by which he is stirred. It would be absurd to class the daring figures of the Psalms and prophets as examples of hyperbole. Hyperbole is the license that our poets take to impress their hearers more deeply by representing objects as grander than they really are, without absolutely distorting them from their true form. But when the Psalmist represents bills as skipping and clapping hands, when Joel ascribes to his locusts the irresistible teeth of a lion, when the Assyrian king as pictured by Isaiah boasts that he has dried up rivers with the soles of his feet, or when Ezekiel figures the king of Tyre as a cherub walking within the fiery bulwarks of the mount of God, these gigantic metaphors refuse to be judged by the limited license accorded to Western poets.

Thus commentators are found who gravely argue that language so strong must have a hidden allegoric meaning, that the prince of Tyre, for example, is Satan. To the poets themselves such criticism would have seemed ridiculous. They were accustomed to read nature wholly in the light of subjective emotion or spiritual truth. The boldness of the fancy with which they gave sensuous form to their feelings was hampered by no habits of scientific study of the laws of phenomena. Regardless of external probability they sought only a just expression for subjective experience. What we are apt to call exaggeration is really idealization—the elevation of the whole scene into a symbol of the invisible. We have no right to call that fantastic which truly expresses internal intuitions moulded by the fire of a subjectivity stronger than ours.

Often the boldness of the Hebrew images lies in the combination of parts taken from several quite dissimilar figures. Mixed metaphor is not only natural but appropriate when the world of sense offers

* If the reader desires to realize this more fully, let him turn to the description of the heavenly procession in Canto 29 of the *"Purgatorio,"* and contrast the thoroughly plastic character of the picture with the corresponding passages of Ezekiel and of the Apocalypse. But it is obvious that the figures of the cherubim had defeated Dante's power of constructive imagination. He is compelled to refer his reader to Ezekiel. "*E qual li troverai nelle sue carie tali eran quivi.*"

no one phenomenon in which the fulness of the poet's emotion can be mirrored. Not only is image piled on image, but the weaker figure seems often to dissolve into one of grander force. Thus when Isaiah pictures the onset of Assyria on Judah, he hears the roar of the lion as it springs on its victim, followed by the low and awful moan which shows that the prey is secured. But presently this moan waxes more and more intense, till it passes into the grim murmur of a storm-lashed sea, while the not breath and overshadowing terror of the lion bending over his captive are transmuted into a dark and murky storm-cloud which enwraps the land of Judah in the gloom of hopeless night.

His roar is like the lioness,
He roars like the young lions;
And moans and clutches his prey, and bears it
off and none can save.

And he moans over Judah like the moan of the
sea.

When they look to the land, lo! stifling gloom
And day grown black in lowering clouds.*

It is not only in the absence of plastic composition and in the shape of individual images and metaphors that the poetry of the Old Testament bears the stamp of the peculiar subjectivity of the Semite. We have seen that this subjectivity dominates for the Hebrew his whole view of the universe; that all nature appears to him instinct with a life which vibrates responsive to each change in his personal feelings and spiritual relations. This way of looking at outward things makes itself felt in the matter as well as in the manner of Hebrew literature. That the poetry of such a race is certain to be rich in the expression of every human passion is too obvious to need further illustration than every Bible reader can supply for himself. But it is instructive to observe how the poets of Israel enter into human relations with impersonal things, and see in them also the movings of a life not wholly incapable of fellow-feeling with man. Herder has drawn attention to the sympathy which Hebrew poetry always manifests towards the brute creation†—a sympathy not confined to the domestic animals, which the Israelites treated with a consideration well brought out in the story of Balaam's ass and in the law of Sabbatic rest, but extending to every living thing. Nay, even inanimate objects appear as the friends of man. Take for example the exquisite song in which the Hebrew women

as they stand round the fountain, waiting their turn to draw, coax forth the water which wells up all too slowly for their impatience:—

Spring up O well! (sing ye to it!)
Well that the princes digged,
The nobles of the people bored,
With the sceptre and with their staves.*

The simplicity of personal interest, the tenderness of affectionate regard, with which the Hebrew maidens salute the "living waters" that well forth, murmuring in answer to their song, belongs to quite another sphere of fancy from that which peopled the mountains and glades of Hellas with the fair sisterhood,

Ταί τ' ὕδαα καλὰ νέμονται
Καὶ πηγὰς ποταμῶν, καὶ πύματα ποιεῖντα.

When the Greek ascribes life to the powers of nature he gives to his personification a shapely human body as well as a living soul, and in the same measure as his creation gains in plastic grace it becomes less near to the daily life of man. The nymph is no longer the fountain or the tree, which man knows and loves, but a new being that hides herself behind them. But to the Semite the rippling water is itself alive, the oaks of Bashan wail when the fire wastes their tangled forests,† the cedars and cypresses of Lebanon rejoice in mocking songs over the fall of the king of Babel who so mercilessly hewed down their glory.‡

* Num. xxi. 17, 18. To dig with the staff, which is the symbol of authority, means to command the well to be dug.

† Zech. xi. 1, 2.

‡ Isa. xiv. 8. "Living water" is the standing name in the Old Testament for spring water. The personification of trees is constant, and it is remarkable that, while the animal fable of Æsop is not, as has sometimes been wrongly imagined, a Semitic product, we find in the Old Testament two parables of trees (Jud. ix. 8, seq.; 2 Kings xiv. 9). The nearest western analogon to this play of fancy is to be found in certain features of the Teutonic *Mährchen*, which have been well explained by Heine, whose Jewish birth gave him a hereditary right to understand and delight in this subjective vein of imagination. See a passage in the *Harzreise*, where he describes an aged trembling grandmother who has sat for a quarter of a century behind the stove opposite the cupboard, till her thoughts and feelings have grown into union with all the corners of the stove and all the carvings on the cupboard. "And cupboard and stove live, for a human being has breathed into them a portion of her life." Heine proceeds to explain how, to thoughtful, quiet folk, living a life of deep, "immediate" contemplation, the inner life of inanimate objects revealed itself, and these acquired a necessary consistent character, a sweet mixture of fanciful whimsicality and true human dispositions. Amidst all difference of detail between the imagination that shaped the *Mährchen*, and that which dominates Hebrew poetry, the great point of agreement is what Heine rightly calls the "immediacy," *Unmittelbarkeit*, of both—the way in which the Teuton or the Semite stands in direct contact and personal fellowship with the life of the objects that surround

* Isa. v. 29, 30.

† Dial. iii., vol. i., p. 66.

No relation of man to nature has a stronger fascination for the Semitic mind than that of practical lordship over powers so much mightier than his own. Every one knows how this fascination finds its expression in the wondrous Oriental tales of enslaved genii and the like. The same thing is to be seen in the magic of Eastern nations. An Arab servant accompanying a European naturalist, would regard his master as a madman, were he not persuaded that his scientific collections are to be used in some mysterious way to enchain the powers of creation. This tendency finds a loftier and truer, but not less characteristic expression in the Old Testament. If the Israelite abjured magic arts, it was not because he was indifferent to the world-sovereignty of man, but because he knew that that sovereignty is more surely rooted in the creation gift of God, which is so nobly sung in the eighth Psalm. But let us choose a less familiar example of the spirit in which the Hebrew glories in the power of man's cunning and labor to subdue all nature. Such an example we shall find in Job's description of the art of mining, the Old Testament counterpart of the famous chorus of the "Antigone."

For there is a lode for silver : a place for gold
which is fined.
Iron is brought from dust : and stones are
smelted into brass.
Man sets an end to darkness and searches out
to its farthest veins : the stone that lies
in night and gloom.
The shaft is opened far from all sojourners :
and there forgotten of human foot,
They hang far from mortals : they flit to and
fro.
The earth — out of her groweth bread : and
beneath they pierce resistless as fire.
The place of her brightest jewels : the dust of
her gold are theirs.
The path that the eagle has not seen : the eye
of the vulture hath not scanned :
Which the proud beasts have not trod : which
the lion hath never walked.
On the flint he layeth his hand : overturneth
mountains from their roots.
Through the rock he cleaveth passages : and
his eye beholds all precious things ;
He binds up the shafts from weeping : and
brings forth secret treasure to light.*

him. Something of the same feeling pervades the works of a great Jewish painter, Josef Israels.

* Job xxviii. 1, seq. The allusion in the last line is to the greatest difficulty with which the miner has to contend — the breaking in of water through his shafts. The contrast with the chorus of Sophocles (Antig. 332, seq.) is instructive, but cannot be drawn out here. I remark only the counterfoil to man's power and cunning in each case. Job continues: "But where shall wisdom be found?" Sophocles adds: "Αἶδα μὲν οὐκ ἐπύθεταί."

In lays like the "song of the well" created things appear as man's friends: in the picture that we have taken from Job they are represented as his captives and his slaves. We have still to consider the more awful aspect of the powers of nature in which they present themselves as the utterances of a mysterious might, before which the strength and wisdom of man are as nought. This is the point of view from which the nature-worship of the heathen Semites appears in its proper contrast to the polytheism of Greece. In the Hellenic religion the plastic element, the sensuous ideal, predominates. "The gods that live at ease," the Olympians of Homer, are very different beings from the *El* or *Eloah*, the "mighty and dreadful one" of the Semite. The heathenism of the Canaanites and the Phœnicians is never æsthetically beautiful, but vibrates between the opposite yet allied poles of sombre horror and wildest sensuality, between the terrors of Moloch-worship and the orgies of Ashera. Always we find a religion of passionate emotion, not a worship of the outer powers and phenomena of nature in their sensuous beauty and majesty, but of those inner powers, awful because unseen, of which outer things are only the symbol.*

Corruptio optimi fit pessima. The very tone of mind which makes Semitic heathenism the most hideous of false worship, enabled the Hebrew nation to grasp with unparalleled tenacity and force the spiritual idea of Jehovah. It is indeed a vain notion of Rénan and other theorists that the Semitic races have a peculiar capacity for monotheism.† But at least Semitic monotheism could scarcely degenerate into deism or pantheism. Not into deism: for to view nature as an independent and yet impersonal organism is quite impossible to a habit of thought that everywhere in nature sees life, and life bearing directly upon man: not into pantheism, for even Semitic polytheism looked on material things as symbols rather than as realities, and revered only the mysterious and the unseen. To the Hebrew,

* Hence the simplicity of the material objects which these nations worshipped — the sacred stone, the Ashera or sacred pole, the consecrated tree. In the English version the characteristic features of Canaanite idolatry are disguised by more than one mistranslation. The sacred stone, *maçseba*, appears as an "image," the Ashera as a "grove." Actual images seem to have been repulsively coarse in conception. (Cf. 1 Kings xv. 13, Heb.)

† This notion has been sufficiently refuted by several writers. See especially Dillmann's tract, "*Ueber den Ursprung der Altlichen Religion*," p. 16, seq. The English reader may compare a paper on Semitic monotheism in the first vol. of Mr. Max Müller's "*Chips from a German Workshop*."

force is life, and life is personality. The one true God whom man has learned to know in His historical revelation is a living, loving God, ever working and ever present to his people. Now the whole universe is seen to be not instinct with dark and cruel forces, but full of the spiritual harmony of a gracious personal plan of righteousness and love. From such a contemplation of the world in its relation to God, a rich religious poetry could not fail to spring. Nature itself in that harmony in which it is revealed to the eye of faith is one grand poem, an embodied thought of God set forth to be read by man, and not only to be read with distant admiration, but to be grasped with personal sympathy and trust. So conceived, no part of the universe was indifferent to the believing Israelite. His was no religion of asceticism, that should turn him away from the contemplation and enjoyment of outer nature, and shut up his spiritual life within himself. His keen zest for the beauties and pleasures of the outer life was only quickened, though it was purified and solemnized by the thought that it is God's hand that crowns the year with goodness, and his majesty and grace that all nature proclaims. Or again, when nature frowns, the Hebrew, raised above slavish fear of a malignant, destructive power, could hear the voice of Jehovah thundering forth the declaration that the merciful and gracious God is also the God of judgment, whose holy justice will by no means clear the guilty. To comprehend the full influence of the spiritual religion on the development of the poetry of Israel, we must remember that the idea of the universe as a natural unity, of which our noblest nature-poetry is so full, was entirely foreign to the Hebrew mind. The keen observation and subtle sympathy with individual sides of natural things which distinguishes Semitic poetry, is, as we have already learned, altogether dissociated from the faculty of artistic grouping and plastic composition of an organic whole. The only unity which the poet can realize is a unity of feeling and purpose. Thus a really grand and catholic poetry of nature could be achieved by the Hebrews only under the influence of a comprehensive and all-absorbing personal interest to which no part of nature should be alien, and which should bind up the whole universe in the oneness of a transcendental purpose. And this was an influence which only the religion of Jehovah could supply. To realize the scope of these remarks we have only to compare

the Song of Solomon with the Book of Job. No Old Testament writer has a richer sensuous fancy or a truer eye for the features of nature than the poet who, nurtured amidst the northern mountains, where all that is beautiful or majestic in Canaan is gathered up, lavishes the whole wealth of his imagery in singing the love and constancy of the Shulamite. But perfect as is the poem in its kind, few Western readers can peruse it without a feeling of monotony. The infinite succession of similes, all just and even brilliant, all showing the true poet, but strung together like a necklace of pearls, only by the common theme of emotion that runs through them, at length wearies us by the very prodigality of fancy. We are perplexed by the total absence of objective grouping, the want of light and shade, which is carried so far that even the beauty of the Shulamite is praised only by the choice of a comparison for each separate feature of her person. The poem is full of nature, but it is too one-sided, and strikes too exclusively only such notes as are in unison with the dominant passion, to be a great nature-poem. But while not even the noblest of merely human affections is broad enough to sustain an all-sided poetry of nature, it is otherwise with such a theme as occupies the Book of Job. To the relations of man to his Creator and Redeemer the whole universe vibrates responsive. Here there is no room for monotony, for the theme itself is infinitely varied. Nor could any pictorial grouping of images equal the sublime grandeur of the closing chapters of the book, in which all creation is marshalled in glorious wealth of disorder to do homage to the wisdom and power of the Most High. Thus it is that in the Old Testament the noblest poetry of nature and the loftiest spiritual conceptions are linked together in an indissoluble bond, and that universality of poetic sympathy from which nothing in nature is estranged is realized only when creation in all its plenitude and in all its changefulness appears as the direct expression of the will of the ever-present king and Saviour of Israel.

We find in the Old Testament a series of Psalms in which natural scenes are so depicted that they yield up their spiritual meaning, and appear as witnesses to the existence and attributes of Jehovah.* A comparison of these hymns with the treatment of similar themes by Western writers

* Among the more notable of these are *Psa. viii.*, the first part of *xix.*, *xxix.*, *lxxv.*, *civ.*

is sufficiently characteristic of the Hebrew genius. The Western poet, or even a Western prose writer on natural theology, will not fail to begin by setting before him the scene in its objectivity, reproducing the natural features of his subject by pictorial description before proceeding to draw a religious inference or lesson. But the Hebrew needs no process of inference to set Jehovah before him as the prime mover in all he sees. He needs no argument *a fortiori* to rise from the glory of the creature to the supreme majesty of the Creator. The spiritual meaning of the scene so fills his soul, so interpenetrates all that he beholds, that he is never able to linger on the production of a finished picture, or to rest on the natural scene as in itself the adequate object of poetic contemplation. His first word is praise to Jehovah, with which his soul is overflowing, and every feature of his description, instinct with the same emotion, looms through a mist of religious awe, love, and fervor, and attains harmony only in this subjective and unplastic medium. Let the reader take up Psalm civ., and observe how no part of nature is able to detain the poet. He hurries from point to point, with the restless eagerness of a man who only seeks in the objects around him food for an engrossing emotion. Once and again, at ver. 24, 31, this emotion breaks out in pure song; and at length the *point of rest* in which every poem must end, and which could not be found in the contemplation of nature, is reached in the concluding strain of praise, ver. 33-35.*

All this is but a special application to the sphere of religious life of the more general law that the Semitic imagination assimilates objective phenomena only in so far as they are held in solution by personal interest or strong emotion. The world of nature is orderly and beautiful only as the reflex of the world of moral and spiritual relations. But the principle

obviously works in two directions. If the Hebrew instinctively views nature in the light of its spiritual meaning, he as instinctively gives to every spiritual perception a symbolical and sensuous expression. And since, as we have already seen, the idea of natural possibility or probability does not exist for the Semite, the expression is subject to no condition save that of appropriateness to the thought set forth. Thus the whole realm of visible phenomena stands free to the poet to be dealt with as he will. The multiplicity of the universe becomes one vast chorus of living things moving responsive to the action of the spiritual stage, without restraint of natural law. Especially is this the case in the description of the being and work of Jehovah. The poet's heart is full of gratitude to God: straightway sun and moon, stars and heavens, fire and hail, storm, winds, mountains, beasts, and creeping things, must join in sounding forth his praise.* David celebrates in Psalm xvii. the deliverances that God has wrought for him in every crisis of his life. At once the earth shakes and trembles, the thundering voice of Jehovah rolls across the heavens, his arrowy lightnings scatter the foemen, the blast of his storm-wind lays bare the channels of the seas, and the Most High himself, descending in smoke and flame, stretches forth his hand and rescues His servant from the waters that surge around him. Or once more, when Jehovah appears to judge the earth and deliver his people, the seas roar, the rivers clap hands, the mountains exult together.† Or if his coming is viewed rather as a day of terror and anguish for the guilty and rebellious, then the earth reels like a drunkard, and sways like a hammock, the moon is lurid and the sun pales.‡

It must not be supposed that this imperious subjectivity of the Hebrew, which demands that the whole universe shall blend to the conviction that burns within the poet's soul, asserts its sovereignty only in the sphere of religion. No poetry can ignore the principle of sympathy between the aspects of external nature and the changing views of the poetic observer. But there are two ways in which this principle can receive expression. The modern poet is impressed with the conviction that nature has an individuality, and a fixed character of her own. She is capable of infinite sympathy, but her favor must be

* No better illustration can be found of the difference between the Hebrew and Occidental treatment of the same ideas than is supplied by a comparison of Buchanan's paraphrases of the nature-psalms. A good instance is the treatment of the sun in Psa. xix., or, to confine ourselves to Psa. civ., take the following passage, in which every variation from the Hebrew tends to an increase of plastic pictorial delineation, with a corresponding diminution in the directness with which the religious emotion dominates each line of the original:—

"Tum liquidi fontes imis de collibus augent
Flumina, per virides undas volventia campos:
Unde sitim sedent pecudes, quæ pinguis tondent
Pascua, quique feris onager saxa in via silvis
Incolit: hic levibus quæ tranant æra pennis
Per virides passim ramos sua tecta volucres
Concelebrant, mulcentque vagis loca sola querelis."

* Psa. cxlviii.

† Ibid. cxviii.

‡ Isa. xxiv.

wooded and won by subtle appreciation of her faintest smile, by patient submission to her opposite, as well as her approving moods. Of such study of nature the Semite is wholly incapable. The pathos of contrast between his own mental state and the expression of natural things, which plays so great a part in modern poetry, has for him no sweetness, or rather no existence. His eyes refuse to see what his heart cannot assimilate. The desert blossoms with his joy, and the orchards and gardens of Carmel wither in his despair. The fairest things are spurned with impatient hate, or blighted with bitter curses, if their beauty stands in contrast to his woe.

Ye mountains of Gilboa,
No dew, no rain be upon you,
Ye fields rich in oblations!
For there the shield of the mighty lies rusting,
The shield of Saul — not anointed with oil.*

We have already observed that the subjective intensity of such a poetry can appear extravagant or untruthful only when judged by too narrow a canon of taste. In the nature of the case artistic truth is always more or less partial, for the artist isolates and treats as a perfect whole what in reality is only one factor of a larger unity of nature or of thought. And so, if the unity to be realized is one of supreme emotion, it is not only legitimate but imperative that all opposing elements be sacrificed to the ruling idea. But, on the other hand, an art which proceeds on such principles must often be obscure and unattractive to those whose less intense subjectivity is unable to share the resistless sweep of the poet's passion. A Semitic poetry of the ordinary themes of life can hardly attain to the perfect catholicity that appeals to all minds in all ages; for at least we of the Western races require a special effort of cultivated literary appreciativeness to throw ourselves into the vein of uncontrolled immediate feeling in which the Oriental naturally moves. But the very characters that constitute a certain particularism of interest in the treatment of secular themes mark out the Hebrew poetry as the most perfect and catholic vehicle for the æsthetic expression of religious faith. In every other case the artistic propriety of making all nature bend to the personal emotion of the

singer can receive only a subjective justification. The art of the Hebrew is true art to those who can rise to the level of his passion. But religious conviction is supreme where it exists at all. And the æsthetic necessity that all things in heaven and earth shall bend to the divine purpose of salvation revealed to the poet's faith, is also the ethical necessity on which the whole religious life depends. That the things which are impossible with men are possible with God is the first axiom of a religion that shall rise with triumphant assurance over all the powers of evil and all the woes of life. To assert with unwavering confidence the victory of spiritual certainties over all empirical contradiction, to vanquish earthly fears in the assurance of transcendental fellowship with God, to lay down for all ages the pattern of a faith which endures as seeing him who is invisible — such is the great work for which the poetic genius of the Hebrews was consecrated by the providence and inspiration of the Most High. How nobly this work was served by that Hebrew intensity which carries one supreme conviction with irresistible poetic fire through all things in heaven or earth that rise up against it, may be read alike in the personal utterances of the Psalter and in the Messianic hopes of the prophets. Thus it was that the Psalmist, surrounded on all sides by the contradiction of sinners, bowed with sickness and grief, oppressed by the consciousness of guilt, was yet able so to cling to the unfailling certainty of his living fellowship with a redeeming God, that danger, and sickness, and sin itself were left behind, and he pressed forward beyond the fear of death to the assurance of immortality at God's right hand. Thus it was that the prophets gazing on the certainties of Jehovah's righteousness and grace saw the creation, now stained with sin and blasted by the strokes of divine indignation, transformed in new perfection and holy loveliness, and instinct in all its parts with a sweet intelligence, so that from voice to voice of things now deemed inanimate the prayer of man goes up to God and the answer of God descends on man.

In that day, saith Jehovah, I will answer,
I will answer the heavens,
And they shall answer the earth;
And the earth shall answer the corn, and the
wine, and the oil,
And they shall answer Jezreel.*

* 2 Sam. i. 21. The unction by which the shield of the warrior is kept bright is alluded to in Isa. xxi. 5. The "fields of offerings" (A.V.) are, as Ewald rightly explains, fields so fertile that many offerings of first fruits are sent from them to the sanctuary.

* Hos. ii. 21, 22.

From the consideration of the characteristic *material* of feeling and fancy in which the richness of the Old Testament poetry lies, we must proceed to look at the not less characteristic *form* which the Hebrew poets impress upon their thoughts. The most general law of poetic form is embodied in the principle of rhythm. But while all poetry is necessarily rhythmical, rhythm is of very various kinds. Amidst all variety of *metres*, the *rhythm* to which we Occidentals are accustomed is always more or less purely syllabic. And of syllabic rhythm we are familiar with two types, the rhythm of accent which prevails in our northern tongues, and the rhythm of quantity (partially modified by accent) which regulates the classical poetry. Neither type is unknown to the Semitic races. The prosody of the Arabs is based on quantity, while in Syriac, where the original distinction of long and short syllables has disappeared almost as completely as in the modern languages of western Europe, each verse consists of a measured number of syllables, with a rise and fall of tone. But innumerable attempts to apply to the ancient Hebrew poetry one or other of these analogies have proved vain, and scholars are now agreed that there is no syllabic rhythm in the Old Testament. But the Hebrew poetry is not therefore unrhythmical. The absence of metre is compensated for by a rhythm of sense.

To understand this we must go back to the first principles of æsthetic expression. Alternate rise and fall of energy is a fundamental law of human life, which in all its forms is regulated by the necessity for repose after excitement, and by the development of new impulse to action during the period of repose. The application of this principle to speech, and especially to impassioned speech, is sufficiently obvious. The wave of emotion rising in the soul sympathetically stirs the physical system and lends strength to the voice. In this swell of impassioned utterance the emotion itself is momentarily exhausted, and an interval of rest or lowered utterance supervenes, till the tide of passion again rises and produces a fresh wave of physical utterance. Such unregulated alternation of excitement and depression does not in itself possess any æsthetic and rhythmical character. The agony of Philoctetes, the passion of an angry woman, the violent weeping of a child, are all illustrations of the rise and fall of utterance under strong emotion; yet they are the very opposite of poetical, for they are not harmonious, but spasmodic. Poetic expression, as we

have seen, implies indeed that the whole soul of the poet is full of some absorbing feeling or impression, but it implies also that he so controls and shapes his passion by utterance that he shall appear master over his matter, not mastered by it; not sullenly and silently curbing his emotion, but moulding it and giving to it a harmonious completeness in which he and others can take delight. "In the very torrent, tempest, and (as we may say) whirlwind of his passion, he must acquire a temperance that may give it smoothness." And so while the poetic enthusiasm must find its expression in elevated utterance, that elevation is not allowed to sweep on till checked by sheer exhaustion, but is regulated by the intellect. For just as an emotion can be momentarily checked by the mere passionate effort of physical utterance, so an effort of will concentrated on the work of giving intelligent expression to poetic feeling produces a similar effect. But so soon as this intelligent utterance is reached, the emotional element again rises and calls for new expression, and thus originates a harmonious pulsation of emotion and thought, feeling and utterance, which is not spasmodic, but rhythmical. And as a fit of uncontrolled passion ends when physical exhaustion is absolute, so the poetic enthusiasm gradually subsides when the successive waves of utterance have completely transmuted the poet's feeling into an intelligible form in which he can rest and find his inspiration fully embodied.

Rhythm, then, in the sense in which it is an essential quality of poetry, is the measured rise and fall of feeling and utterance, in which the poet's effort to become fully master of his poetic inspiration finds harmonious expression, and the external rhythm of sound is properly subordinate to the rhythmic pulsation of thought. Where the rhythm of thought is perfect, no prosodic rules are necessary to produce a corresponding harmony of sound, for the words employed naturally group themselves in balanced members, in which the undulations of the thought are represented to the ear. But as poetry becomes more artificial there arises a tendency not to trust wholly to the rhythm of thought, but to make the rhythm of sound and words a special study. The balance of two lines or metrical members is artificially marked by alliteration or by rhyme; or, again, an exact balance of time is introduced by counting the syllables or the *mora* of the lines; or, finally, a complete prosodic system carries equilibrium of parts through

all the details of the rise and fall of the voice within each line. By these refinements in artistic execution the external rhythm of sound has become so independent, that we are apt to forget its essential subordination to rhythmic flow of thought. But it is still the latter kind of rhythm which distinguishes the true poet from the mere versifier.

We are able from these considerations to understand what was so great a puzzle to Lowth and other early writers—that Hebrew poetry is truly rhythmic without possessing any laws of metre. The whole form of a Hebrew poem is directly dependent on the harmonious undulation of the thought, line answering to line, not in a mere equilibrium of sound, but in a balance or parallelism of sense. As rhythm necessarily implies the correspondence of at least *two* parallel parts, the ultimate unit of Hebrew poetry is a verse consisting of two members embodying two answering thoughts. And as correspondence of thought brings with it similarity of expression, the two members of the verse will be similar in length and possess a certain irregular harmony of accent, which can be felt though not subjected to rule, and which having its source altogether in the intrinsic structure of the thought, can be reproduced with tolerable accuracy, even in a good prose translation.

The simplest form of Hebrew rhythm shaped on these principles is that which from the time of Lowth has been called the "synonymous parallelism" of a distich.

There the wicked cease from troubling |
And the weary be at rest. ||
There the prisoners are at rest together, |
They hear not the taskmaster's voice. ||
Small and great are there the same ; |
And the servant is free from his master. || *

In this simplest form the rhythm is so clearly cut that it can hardly be lost even by translators who, like those of our English version, were not conscious of the principle involved. Effects of this kind therefore are almost always well rendered, and are quite familiar to the English reader. A more complicated figure, however, which has not always been so successfully reproduced, arises where each member of the verse becomes so long that it again falls by a *cæsura* into two subdivisions.

How sitteth she lonely | the populous city !
Is she become a widow | who was great among
the nations !

* Job iii. 17-19.

A princess among provinces | is become a
vassal.*

It is not of course necessary that the balance of parts should take the form of the repetition of similar thoughts. A relation of antithesis is equally rhythmic, and gives what Lowth calls "antithetic parallelism."

Mighty bowmen are cast down, |
And the stumbling gird on strength ; ||
The full hire themselves for bread, |
And the hungry keep holiday. ||
Yea, the barren hath born seven, |
And she that hath many sons is withered. || †

To the two classes of rhythm which we have hitherto exemplified, the names devised by Lowth are not inappropriate ; but it is unfortunate that so narrow a word as parallelism has been so universally adopted to express all possible varieties of effect that arise under the general law, that wave after wave of feeling gives rise to wave answering wave in utterance. Lowth's third species of parallelism, which he calls synthetic, is not parallelism at all, and very inadequately groups together a great variety of rhythmical effects which have very little in common with one another, beyond the general principle that the verse falls into two or more members, each of which represents a unity of thought, feeling, or fancy, while the transition from member to member takes place in harmonious pulsation of movement and rest. One or two examples will sufficiently illustrate the various ways in which this is realized.

My voice — I cry unto Jehovah, |
And he hath heard me from his holy mountain ; ||
I laid me down and slept, |
I awoke, for Jehovah sustains me. || ‡

We are apt to overlook the truly rhythmic character of such passages, because to our habits of abstract thought the logical union of protasis and apodosis in a complete sentence is predominant. But to the concrete way of thinking of the Semite, a conditional proposition consists of two distinct mental pictures, one of which flows over into the other. Where we would say, "If he pulls down, it cannot be rebuilt," Job says, "Lo ! he pulls down, and it cannot be rebuilt" (xii. 14). Remembering this habit of thought, we shall recognize an impressive rhythm in many passages which at first sight seem pure prose. Thus —

* Lam. i. 1.
† Sam. ii. 5.
‡ Psa. iii.

The Lord on thy right hand |
Smites down kings in the day of his wrath, ||*
is not one picture, but two distinct images,
with a rapid movement from the rest of
the first to the activity of the second.

An extremely effective example is the
tristich, Psalm xlv. 6, which is entirely lost
in our version.

Thine arrows are sharp —
People fall under thee —
In the heart of the enemies of the king.

In the first line the warrior bends his bow,
in the second his chariot sweeps over the
fallen, and then when he has passed by it
is seen that his shafts are truly planted in
the heart of the slain.

The rhythmic figures of Hebrew are not
confined to the distich and tristich. Verses
occur which have four, five, or even six
members, and in these again the variety
of form got by choosing which pairs of
members shall correspond is as great as
the variety of rhyme possible in a modern
stanza of four or six lines. But to exem-
plify the rich multiplicity of such effects
would fill pages, and would necessarily lead
on to a not less intricate and much dis-
puted theme — the arrangement of groups
of verses in larger unities or strophes.
Instead of entering on these details, let us
take simply one stanza from Psalm xlviii.,
which will illustrate the majestic effect that
can be produced by the Hebrew rhythm of
sense, even when recast in a very inade-
quate translation.

God in her palaces | hath proved himself a
stronghold.
For lo the kings assembled | they sprang forth
together :
When they saw straightway they marvelled |
were panic-stricken, and fled ;
Tremor seized them there | pangs like a wom-
an in travail.
With storm wind from the east | thou breakest
ships of Tarshish.
As we heard | so have we seen,
In the city of Jehovah of hosts | in the city of
our God.
God upholds her forever.†

* Psa. cx. 5.

† Very interesting analogies to the characteris-
tic sense-rhythm of the Old Testament are presented by
recently discovered specimens of ancient Assyrian
poetry, of which English translations by Mr. Talbot
appeared in the "Transactions of the Society of Bibli-
cal Archaeology," vol. ii., and which have been again
examined by Schrader, "*Die Höllefahrt der Istar*,"
etc. Giessen, 1874. Professor Schrader goes so far as
to build on these analogies the theory that the *para-*
lelismus membrorum is not an original product of the
Semitic races, but a form of rhythm adopted from
Accadian poetry, by those branches of the Semitic stem
which came in contact with the early Turanian culture
of Babylonia. See his paper, "*Semitismus und Baby-*
lonismus," in the "*Jahrb. für Prot. Theologie*,"
1875, p. 121, ff.

Among the various *species of composi-*
tion in which the genius of Hebrew poetry
finds expression, the first place is unques-
tionably due to the lyric. As poetry is the
earliest form of literature, so the lyric is
the earliest species of poetry, and must
long retain its pre-eminence in a nation
endued with the mental characteristics
that we have found in the Hebrews. For
to define lyric poetry, it is not enough to
say that it is intended to be sung to the
accompaniment of instrumental music. In
true art the music is ruled by the thought,
and the lyric is sung because its contents
naturally demand such an expression. It
is noteworthy that in primitive times lyric
recitation was accompanied not only by
music but by dancing.* In truth, musical
utterance is to ordinary language just what
the dance is to that bodily action which is
the natural accompaniment of all speech
in nations that have not been schooled to
suppress such demonstrations. Both are
forms of the eager rhythmical expression
which is the appropriate vehicle for ab-
sorbing personal thought. Speech rises
into song, and gesture becomes a dance in
giving utterance to an idea which springs
fresh from the fountain of the soul with a
force that bends every faculty of body as
well as mind to do service in setting it
forth. Thus Ewald seems right in con-
trasting the lyric as the poetry of nature
with those later forms of composition in
which the poet, instead of simply express-
ing what he sees or feels at the moment,
sets before him a definite end, and enlists
his fancy and poetic enthusiasm in its ser-
vice. It is probable that in all nations the
later forms of poetry were gradually devel-
oped from a lyrical germ, and in the poetry
of Israel this process can still be distinctly
traced. The Hebrew was so eminently a
man of strong emotion and impulse, al-
ways deeply stirred by what was present
and personal, that every interest of life
was a ready source of song. The extraor-
dinary opinion of Keil, that in Israel secu-
lar poetry was never able to thrive beside
the sacred muse, finds its refutation on
almost every page of the prophets and the
historical books. Of the strains in which
national victories were extolled or national
calamity bewailed, we still possess exam-
ples in the song of Deborah,† in the ironi-
cal Mashal (Num. xxi. 27, *seq.*), and in the
elegy of David over Saul and Jonathan.‡
The sacred record could not, of course,

* Exod. xv. 20; 1 Sam. xviii. 6; Psa. cxlix. 3.
Comp. Iliad xviii. 494, 572; Odyssey i. 112.

† Jud. v.

‡ 2 Sam. i.

present us with examples of the riotous "song of the drunkard" * or of the lays in which the prosperous wicked expressed their careless happiness; † but the darkest side of primitive life is still pictured in the savage "sword song" in which Lamech exults in the prowess of his irresistible weapon:—

Adah and Zillah, hear my voice;
Ye wives of Lamech, give heed to my speech.
I slay a man if he wound me,
A young man for a stroke!
For Cain's vengeance is sevenfold,
But Lamech's seventy and seven. ‡

The gleeful carols of the vintage, § and the bridal songs that celebrated the virgins of Israel, || have sunk into oblivion; but the lay of the well, already quoted, still preserves the memory of a graceful poetry of every-day life. Nor is the plaintive pathos of the funeral dirge forgotten, when besides the great elegy on the slain of Gilboa we can still read the simpler but not less touching words in which David mourned at the grave of Abner:—

Did Abner die a felon's death?
Thy hands unbound, thy feet not set in fetters.
As falls a man before villains, thou didst fall.

An interesting but obscure indication of the varied developments of the lyric genius of the Hebrews is preserved in the titles of several of the Psalms. The longer of these titles frequently designate the melody to which the Psalm was sung by quoting two or three words of a familiar song; and our fancy is easily tempted to conjecture by such broken hints as "Hind of the morning glow," or, "Dumb dove from afar."

The first step from pure lyric to a more artificial poetry is seen in those compositions which, while exceeding the limits of a simple song, attain a larger compass, not by any intricate organization or plan, but by the simple agglomeration of lyrical parts. The same deficiency in power to overrule the emotion of the moment, which deprives Hebrew art of plastic pictorial quality, prevents all really objective grouping of the parts of a lengthy poem. The longest of the Psalms has no plan whatever, but simply a unity of sentiment. The Book of Lamentations is a similar

series of lyrical utterances all on one key; and alike in this book and in Psalm cxix. the absence of an inner principle of structure is compensated by the adoption of the purely external scheme of an alphabetic acrostic. The long historical psalms have a less artificial structure, but in these also the unity is generally to be sought, not in any epical grouping of events, but in an underlying current of sentiment or praise, which often bursts out in a periodical refrain. Of this tendency Psalm cxxxvi. is an extreme but by no means an exceptional instance.

From this kind of composition the transition is easy to properly *didactic poetry*. All deep personal feeling, such as a noble and earnest lyric expresses, stands in close relation to some universal truth. What the poet experiences in his own heart must have a validity going beyond himself; and in particular the religious conviction that animates the Hebrew hymns has as its necessary source and counterpart a body of general religious truth. The worthless modern subjectivity which separates the religious sentiment from all persuasion of objective realities is remote from the spirit of the Old Testament; but, conversely, the general truths of the religion of Israel (except in so far as they are embodied in ritual, precept, or historic narrative) are always spoken to the heart as well as to the intellect. The Israelite never thought of framing a system of theology. His interest in religious truth was not scientific but personal. The deepest truths of the dispensation were not reasoned out scientifically, but felt as personal necessities. The doctrine of immortality, for example, to which Socrates attained by argument on the constitution of man's nature, is grasped by the Israelite in personal assurance that death itself cannot part him from God his redeemer. Truths reached by such a process—by the reasoning of the heart, not of the head—necessarily assume a poetic form, which insensibly merges into pure lyric. If the hymns of the Old Testament express a personal emotion embodying and resting on a general truth, the corresponding didactic poetry expresses general truth in the tone of personal enthusiastic conviction.

Of the truths so reached and set forth two things will be plain.

1. They must be sententious or aphoristic, rather than parts of a system. This follows with psychological necessity from the self-containedness of personal emotion. A truth grasped by feeling stands out as a

* Psa. lix. 12.

† Job xxi. 11, 12.

‡ The point of the conclusion lies in the contrast between Cain, the club-bearing man, and Lamech, whose family had reached the secret of forging weapons in metal.

§ Isa. xvi. 10.

|| Psa. lxxviii. 63. A. V., margin.

unity free from all merely rational connection. The mind of him who has laid hold of it is ready to rest on it for its own sake. It has come to him as the direct satisfaction of a personal need, and so it is impossible that he should value it only as a link in the chain of reasoned truth. Such an acquisition has little to do with scientific system, but naturally assumes a poetic form, which shall set it forth as a complete thought, with a life and beauty of its own.

2. Again, such truths are sure to be practical. They centre in human life and in real human interests. As they were born of personal feeling, they continue to move in the personal sphere. And being personal, they must bear directly on the practical concerns of life. The passionate subjectivity of the Hebrew has nothing in common with dreamy, unpractical sentimentalism. The keen eye for business, the shrewdness degenerating into cunning, which is the most universally recognized characteristic of the modern Jew, is not a new feature of the nation. Exactly the same qualities appear in Jacob, whose character is as typical on this side of it as in its deep emotional and religious susceptibility. The practical qualities which so many centuries of isolation and oppression have forced into ignoble channels appear in the Old Testament in more worthy activity. No people has so toughly maintained national existence and prosperity in a narrow country, preserved in fertility only by unceasing industry, and exposed on all sides to the ambition of great empires. Surely indubitable proof that the Hebrews were endowed with a strong instinct of self-preservation, with a tenacity of purpose and a power of practical insight capable of coping with the most unfavorable circumstances. It is in truth the preponderance of the emotional rather than of the rational part of the nature that makes a strong personality, able to conquer all difficulties. Intellectual acuteness is often associated with a restlessness of purpose that can attain nothing great. A really deep subjectivity is not to be stirred by slight breezes of sentiment. It moves swiftly and fiercely, casting itself with all fervor into the present impulse; but just because the current at each moment flows so strong, it is not easily turned aside. It binds circumstances to itself, and sweeps away hindrances in the whirl of its own passion. And this claim to rule over outward things that belongs to every deep impetuous personality, this assertion of man's kingship over nature which the Old Testament so often makes, brings with it

the power to command, the gift of grasping and cunningly using all that can be made subservient to the ruling purpose. If it fail, it will do so rather by stubbornness and stiffness of neck than by infirmity of purpose. When the nation decayed in the time of the judges, or before the captivity, or again before its last fall, it did so because individuality stiffened into individualism: because each man's feeling of personal worth asserted itself in refusal to acknowledge the rights of others and the supreme sovereignty of Jehovah. It required strong family affections, national enthusiasm, and above all religious faith, to bind natures so strong and fierce; and where these bonds were lacking, the Hebrews fell asunder into wild and reckless self-will, into a life that spurned all weaker constraint.

A race which, however little it estimated intellectual supremacy over nature, was so eager for practical sovereignty, must necessarily have a keen sense for all the precepts of practical wisdom. A wisdom to walk by, an insight into all the secrets of human life, and of nature so far as it can be made to serve man; such was the only philosophy of the Hebrews. Precepts of wisdom for the ruling of daily life, guided by a sense of the supreme reality of Israel's relation to Jehovah, and expressed not in scientific system, but in that sententious, often epigrammatic form in which such truth suggests itself to the tact and experience of a practical nature, and with a breath of poetic fervor that points to an origin in the heart as much as in the head — this is the peculiar wisdom of the Hebrews, the Chokma of the Old Testament.

The original germ of the Chokma is the individual proverb so familiar to us in the rich collections which make up the greater part of the Book of Proverbs.

In this kind of composition the poetic character of the thought is asserted by strict rhythmic arrangement. The proverb is almost invariably a single distich, but a distich in which the sharp antithesis of opposing members or the brilliant parallelism of moral truth and natural image gives the complete effect of symmetrical artistic finish. How perfectly, for example, is the right relation of the three generations of which a happy Hebrew family is always supposed to consist laid down in the simple distich, —

The crown of the aged are children's children,
And the glory of children are their fathers.*

* Prov. xvii. 6.

The antithetic rhythm of the proverbs is so sharp cut that it loses little by translation, and our English version supplies every reader with abundant material for estimating this side of the Hebrew Chokma. Not quite so successful is the treatment of the proverbs which rest on a similitude between the spheres of nature and of human life. The most pointed of these similes simply give the natural image in the first member of the distich, and add the moral parallel without any such syntactical connection as the "*As . . . so is*" of the English version. This form is peculiarly appropriate as a vehicle for the caustic humor in which the Hebrews delight.

A ring of gold in a swine's snout — *
A fair woman without sense.†

From the simple isolated proverb the didactic poetry of the Hebrews rises in several directions to more elaborate efforts, but without showing any considerable disposition to pass from the aphoristic form to theoretical and systematic philosophy.

The brief simile is expanded into a parable like those of Jotham or of Nathan,‡ and ceases to shape itself in rhythmic form. But even the poetical Chokma in the narrower sense of the word sometimes teaches by means of a moral tale, as in the picture of the foolish young man of Prov. vii. 6, ff.

In later times this kind of composition was greatly developed, and the apocryphal books of Tobit and Judith are full-blown moral romances. Nor is it so plain as many suppose that something of the same kind is not to be found within the canonical books. That the Book of Job stands in the canon is scarcely a proof that the narrative is historical; and many modern critics are disposed to regard the Book of Jonah as a didactic parable, written partly to enforce the truth that God regards the lives and accepts the repentance of Gentiles as well as Jews, and partly to explain that the forgiving mercy of God does not discredit the divine commission of prophets of judgment.

In another class of compositions the sarcastic humor which we have seen to animate some of the Hebrew proverbs finds more elaborate expression. The humor of the Old Testament is always grim and caustic, as we see in the life of Samson; in the answer of the Danites to

Micah;* in the parable of Jehoash;† or in the merciless ridicule with which the Book of Isaiah covers the idolaters.‡ Hence arises a peculiar species of mocking satire, which is so intimately connected with the proverb, that the same name (*Mashal*) covers both. Of this *Mashal* the prophetic books contain several examples, of which the most powerful is the elegy on the king of Babylon in Isaiah xiv. But the most ancient and peculiar of these poems is the mocking song in which the children of Israel invite the Amorites to return and fortify the demolished fastness of their king, Sihon, exalting that monarch's prowess against Moab, in order to bring into stronger light the valor of Israel, beneath which the invincible Amorite and his stronghold had forever fallen.

Come into Heshbon,
Let Sihon's city be built and made fast !
For fire went out from Heshbon,
Flame from the fortress of Sihon.
It licked up the city of Moab,
The lords of the heights of the Arnon.
Woe unto thee, Moab ! thou art fallen, people
of Chemosh.
He [Chemosh] gave up his sons to flight, his
daughters into captivity
To the king of the Amorites, Sihon.
But *we* burned them out — fallen is Heshbon
— to Dibon,
We wasted them even to Nophah,
With fire to Medeba.§

Apart from the special developments of the parable and the satiric *Mashal*, the proverbial wisdom of Israel readily passed from individual aphorisms to larger didactic compositions, like that which occupies the first nine chapters of the Book of Proverbs. We have here a long exhortation or exhortations in praise of wisdom and virtue, with no very strict plan or closely reasoned course of argument, and with characteristics both of thought and form which marked just such a relation to the single proverb as that which, in Hebrew architecture, subsists between the temple of Solomon and the simple cell. In both cases the larger whole is formed by agglomeration of smaller parts rather than by internal development; and the great chambers of the sanctuary, surrounded by rows of smaller cells, are an apt type of almost all the longer literary

* Jud. xviii. 22-26.

† 2 Kings xiv. 9.

‡ Isa. xli. 6, 7, xlv. 12, seq.

§ In one or two obscure or corrupt words, the translation offered above follows the conjectures of Ewald. But the general sense is quite clear. Sihon had defeated Moab, but Israel overthrew Sihon. The Moabites are the sons and daughters of their god Chemosh.

* The nose-ring of the East corresponds to our earrings.

† Prov. xi. 22.

‡ Jud. ix. ; 2 Sam. xii.

compositions of the Hebrews. Even the late Book of Ecclesiastes does not present an essentially different construction.

The fact that no trace of *epic* poetry appears in the Hebrew literature has sometimes been explained simply from the lack of objectivity and the deficiency in the gift of organic composition which characterizes the race. But these qualities would have modified the form of the Semitic epos, rather than have rendered such composition altogether impossible.* Nor is it just, with other critics, to regard the Pentateuch as a Hebrew epic. For though the epic poet selects a subject at least quasi-historical, his method of treatment is the very opposite of history. Elevating its heroes above the measure of common humanity, and interweaving mythological with historical characters, the epos seeks to separate the past from the present by the widest possible gap, and so to gain an isolated territory, in which it may freely use every creative license. But even those critics who form a low estimate of the accuracy of the earlier history of Israel will not deny that the origin of the Hebrew race is told in such a way as to emphasize the historical connection of the present with the past. The religious pragmatism of the historical books, so fully recognizing the special providence which gives unity to the whole story of Israel's fortunes from the days of the exodus, or even of the covenant with Abraham, is directly opposed to the epic point of view. The Israelite had no desire to isolate a part of past time, adorning it with nobler motives and higher life than subsequent ages could show. The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is the everlasting God of Israel, as near to his people now as in former days. And so more accurate criticism has proved that the Pentateuch is not an isolated epos, but that in composition, as well as in subject, all the leading historical books of the Old Testament possess a certain unity, stamped upon them by repeated recensions, in which the works of various authors were united into one whole. In a word, the whole principle of the Old Tes-

tament religion, with its doctrine of the covenant of Jehovah with His people, was equally unfavorable to the rise of epic poetry, and favorable to the growth of continuous historic literature. It seems more than probable, however, that the earliest efforts of the Hebrews to provide a literary record of past deeds took very much the form of collections of ballads and lyrics of historic reference. The existing historical books quote at least two such collections, "The Book of the Wars of Jehovah," and "The Book of the Upright."*

In our rapid survey of the various species of Hebrew poetry we have not yet found a fit place for the Song of Solomon and the Book of Job. The latter book no doubt is, in the largest sense of the word, a didactic poem, and competent critics are still found who can see in the former nothing but an anthology of erotic lyrics. But it seems quite wrong to maintain that it is a mere play of subjective fancy which finds in the Song of Solomon a unity of lyric dialogue and action; and the critics who propose to deny, *a priori*, the capacity of the Hebrew muse for dramatic arts, must yet admit that the grand construction of the Book of Job displays an objectivity of conception and a developed artistic power which is much nearer to the genius of the dramatist than to the ordinary type of the Chokma. The history of the Greek stage teaches us how readily the higher developments of lyric poetry lead over to the drama; and, indeed, wherever the lyric ceases to be sung by the poet alone, and is given over to be executed by a trained choir, it is inevitable that the first step towards dramatic performance shall be taken by the introduction of lyrical dialogue between two parts of the singers. But the choral performance of trained musicians was certainly familiar to the Israelites from the time of Samuel downwards; and in several Psalms, especially in the twenty-fourth, which appears to have been sung as the ark was led by David into Zion, it is impossible, without undue scepticism, to ignore a peculiar adaptation for performance by answering choirs. From the antiphonal psalms, or from rhetorical passages of so dramatic a structure as the sixth chapter of Micah, there is but a short step to such lyrical dialogue as the Song of Solomon presents; and though this dialogue falls far short of the complexity of the Occidental drama, it seems reasonable to

* It is true that not only the Hebrews, but the Arameans and Arabs are without an epic poetry. But this kind of composition was known at least to the Semites of Babylonia and Assyria, who perhaps derived it, along with the mythological lore so necessary to the epic poet, from their mysterious Turanian predecessors. The epic legend of the descent of Istar into Hades, discovered in the library of Sardapanalus, may be read in English in the first volume of "Records of the Past." The exploits of Lubar and the epic of Idu-bar, discovered by the late George Smith, are given in his "Chaldean Account of Genesis."

• Num. xxi. 14; Jos. x. 13; 2 Sam. i. 18.

acknowledge the dramatic complexion of a poem in which the author does not simply give scope to his own feelings, but represents two or more characters side by side. Nor is it likely, in an age when all lyric was composed to be sung, not read, that the same singer took the part both of Solomon and the Shulamite. If we may not suppose a stage with all its accessories, it is yet probable that the victory of pure affection over the seductions of a corrupt court and the temptations of a king was sung in the villages of the northern kingdom by several answering voices. Or if we hesitate to accept the attractive theory which sees in Solomon, not the hero, but the baffled tempter of a drama of pure pastoral love, the demand for more unambiguous proof of the power of the Hebrew poets to discriminate and depict in action various types of character is simply answered by the Book of Job, in which every interlocutor not merely upholds a distinct argument, but does so in consistent development of a distinct personality. If we have difficulty in classing this masterpiece of the Hebrew muse under the category of dramatic poetry, our difficulty has its source not in the absence of dramatic motives in the book, but in the marvellous many-sidedness with which this quintessence of the religious poetry of Israel combines the varied excellences of every species of Hebrew art. The study of the Book of Job is the study of the whole spirit of the Old Testament, so far as that spirit can be expressed in pure poetry without introduction of the peculiar principles of prophecy. The problem of God's providence, which is the theme of the poem, is the central problem of the pre-Christian economy; and in the discussion of this grand enigma are absorbed all the treasures of wisdom and fancy, all the splendor of language and conception, that adorn the culmination of Hebrew art. It would be vain to attempt in a few lines, at the close of a paper already too long, to give even the most inadequate idea of so inexhaustible and withal so difficult a book; but our brief sketch of Hebrew poetry may fitly close when we can point to this noble and imperishable monument of the world-wide significance of the inspired genius of Israel.

W. R. S.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DISCIPLINE.

WHAT with rats and mice, and cats and owls, and creaks and cracks, there was no quiet about the place from night to morning; and what with swallows and rooks, and cocks and kine, and horses and foals, and dogs and pigeons, and peacocks and guinea-fowls, and turkeys and geese, and every farm-creature but pigs — which, with all her zootrophy, Clementina did not like — no quiet from morning to night. But if there was no quiet, there was plenty of calm, and the sleep of neither brother nor sister was disturbed.

Florimel awoke in the sweetest concert of pigeon-murmuring, duck-diplomacy, fowl-foraging, foal-whinnying — the word wants an *r* in it — and all the noises of rural life. The sun was shining into the room by a window far off at the farther end, bringing with him strange sylvan shadows, not at once to be interpreted. He must have been shining for hours, so bright and steady did he shine. She sprang out of bed with no lazy London resurrection of the old buried, half-sodden corpse, sleepy and ashamed, but with the new birth of the new day, refreshed and strong, like a Hercules-baby. A few aching remnants of stiffness was all that was left of the old fatigue. It was a heavenly joy to think that no Caley would come knocking at her door. She glided down the long room to the sunny window, drew aside the rich old faded curtain, and peeped out. Nothing but pines and pines — Scotch firs all about and everywhere. They came within a few yards of the window. She threw it open. The air was still, the morning sun shone hot upon them, and the resinous odor exhaled from their bark and their needles and their fresh buds filled the room — sweet and clean. There was nothing, not even a fence, between this wing of the house and the wood.

All through his deep sleep Malcolm heard the sound of the sea — whether of the phantom sea in his soul or of the world-sea to whose murmurs he had listened with such soft delight as he fell asleep, matters little: the sea was with him in his dreams. But when he awoke it was to no musical crushing of water-drops, no half-articulated tones of animal speech, but to tumult and outcry from the stables. It was but too plain that he was wanted.

Either Kelpie had waked too soon, or he had overslept himself: she was kicking furiously. Hurriedly induing a portion of his clothing, he rushed down and across the yard, shouting to her as he ran, like a nurse as she runs up the stair to a screaming child. She stopped once to give an eager whinny, and then fell to again. Griffith, the groom, and the few other men about the place were looking on appalled. He darted to the corn-bin, got a great pottlefull of oats and shot into her stall. She buried her nose in them like the very demon of hunger, and he left her for the few moments of peace that would follow. He must finish dressing as fast as he could: already, after four days of travel, which with her meant anything but a straightforward, jogtrot struggle with space, she needed a good gallop. When he returned he found her just finishing her oats, and beginning to grow angry with her own nose for getting so near the bottom of the manger. While yet there was no worse sign, however, than the fidgeting of her hind quarters, and she was still busy, he made haste to saddle her. But her unusually obstinate refusal of the bit, and his difficulty in making her open her unwilling jaws, gave unmistakable indication of coming conflict. Anxiously he asked the bystanders after some open place where he might let her go—fields, or tolerably smooth heath, or sandy beach. He dared not take her through the trees, he said, while she was in such a humor: she would dash herself to pieces. They told him there was a road straight from the stables to the shore, and there miles of pure sand without a pebble. Nothing could be better. He mounted and rode away.

Florimel was yet but half dressed when the door of her room opened suddenly and Lady Clementina darted in, the lovely chaos of her night not more than half as far reduced to order as that of Florimel's. Her moonlight hair, nearly as long as that of the fabled *Godiva*, was flung wildly about her in heavy masses. Her eyes were wild also: she looked like a holy *mænad*. With a glide like the swoop of an avenging angel she pounced upon Florimel, caught her by the wrist, and pulled her toward the door. Florimel was startled, but made no resistance. She half led, half dragged her up a stair that rose from a corner of the hall-gallery to the battlements of a little square tower, whence a few yards of the beach, through a chain of slight openings amongst the pines, was visible. Upon that spot of

beach a strange thing was going on, at which afresh Clementina gazed with indignant horror, but Florimel eagerly stared with the forward-borne eyes of a spectator of the Roman arena. She saw Kelpie reared on end, striking out at Malcolm with her fore hoofs and snapping with angry teeth, then upon those teeth receive such a blow from his fist that she swerved, and wheeling flung her hind hoofs at his head. But Malcolm was too quick for her: she spent her heels in the air and he had her by the bit. Again she reared, and would have struck at him, but he kept well by her side, and with the powerful bit forced her to rear to her full height. Just as she was falling backward he pushed her head from him, and bearing her down sideways, seated himself on it the moment it touched the ground. Then first the two women turned to each other. An arch of victory bowed Florimel's lip: her eyebrows were uplifted; the blood flushed her cheek and darkened the blue in her wide-opened eyes. Lady Clementina's forehead was gathered in vertical wrinkles over her nose, and all about her eyes was contracted as if squeezing from them the flame of indignation, while her teeth and lips were firmly closed. The two made a splendid contrast. When Clementina's gaze fell on her visitor the fire in her eyes burned more angry still: her soul was stirred by the presence of wrong and cruelty, and here, her guest, and looking her straight in the eyes, was a young woman, one word from whom would stop it all, actually enjoying the sight!

"Lady Lossie, I am ashamed of you!" she said with severest reproof; and turning from her, she ran down the stair.

Florimel turned again toward the sea. Presently she caught sight of Clementina glimpsing through the pines, now in glimmer and now in gloom, as she sped swiftly to the shore, and after a few short minutes of disappearance saw her emerge upon the space of sand where sat Malcolm on the head of the demoness. But, alas! she could only see: she could hardly even hear the sound of a tide.

"MacPhail, are you a man?" cried Clementina, startling him so that in another instant the floundering mare would have been on her feet. With a right noble anger in her face and her hair flying like a wind-torn cloud, she rushed out of the wood upon him, where he sat quietly tracing a proposition of Euclid on the sand with his whip.

"Ay, and a bold one," was on Malcolm's lips for reply, but he bethought himself in time. "I am sorry what I am compelled

to do should annoy your ladyship," he said.

What with indignation and breathlessness — she had run so fast — Clementina had exhausted herself in that one exclamation, and stood panting and staring. The black bulk of Kelpie lay outstretched on the yellow sand, giving now and then a sprawling kick or a wamble like a lumpy snake, and her soul commiserated each movement as if it had been the last throes of dissolution, while the gray fire of the mare's one visible fierce eye, turned up from the shadow of Malcolm's superimposed bulk, seemed to her tender heart a mute appeal for woman's help.

As Malcolm spoke he cautiously shifted his position, and, half rising, knelt with one knee where he had sat before, looking observant at Lady Clementina.

The champion of oppressed animality soon recovered speech. "Get off the poor creature's head instantly," she said with dignified command. "I will permit no such usage of living thing on my ground."

"I am very sorry to seem rude, my lady," answered Malcolm, "but to obey you might be to ruin my mistress's property. If the mare were to break away, she would dash herself to pieces in the wood."

"You have goaded her to madness."

"I am the more bound to take care of her, then," said Malcolm. "But indeed it is only temper — such temper, however, that I almost believe she is at times possessed of a demon."

"The demon is in yourself. There is none in her but what your cruelty has put there. Let her up, I command you."

"I dare not, my lady. If she were to get loose, she would tear your ladyship to pieces."

"I will take my chance."

"But I will not, my lady. I know the danger, and have to take care of you who do not. There is no occasion to be uneasy about the mare. She is tolerably comfortable. I am not hurting her — not much. Your ladyship does not reflect how strong a horse's skull is. And you see what great powerful breaths she draws."

"She is in agony," cried Clementina.

"Not in the least, my lady. She is only balked of her own way, and does not like it."

"And what right have you to balk her of her own way? Has she no right to a mind of her own?"

"She may of course have her mind, but

she can't have her way. She has got a master."

"And what right have you to be her master?"

"That my master, my Lord Lossie, gave me the charge of her."

"I don't mean that sort of right: that goes for nothing. What right in the nature of things can you have to tyrannize over any creature?"

"None, my lady. But the higher nature has the right to rule the lower in righteousness. Even you can't have your own way always, my lady."

"I certainly cannot now, so long as you keep in that position. Pray, is it in virtue of your being the higher nature that you keep *my* way from *me*?"

"No, my lady. But it is in virtue of right. If I wanted to take your ladyship's property, your dogs would be justified in refusing me my way. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that if my mare here had *her* way, there would not be a living creature about your house by this day week."

Lady Clementina had never yet felt upon her the power of a stronger nature than her own. She had had to yield to authority, but never to superiority. Hence her self-will had been abnormally developed. Her very compassion was self-willed. Now for the first time, she continuing altogether unaware of it, the presence of such a nature began to operate upon her. The calmness of Malcolm's speech and the immovable decision of his behavior told.

"But," she said, more calmly, "your mare has had four long journeys, and she should have rested to-day."

"Rest is just the one thing beyond her, my lady. There is a volcano of life and strength in her you have no conception of. I could not have dreamed of horse like her. She has never in her life had enough to do. I believe that is the chief trouble with her. What we all want, my lady, is a master — a real right master. I've got one myself, and —"

"You mean you want one yourself," said Lady Clementina. "You've only got a mistress, and she spoils you."

"That is not what I meant, my lady," returned Malcolm. "But one thing I know is, that Kelpie would soon come to grief without me. I shall keep her here till her half-hour is out, and then let her take another gallop."

Lady Clementina turned away. She was defeated. Malcolm knelt there on one knee, with a hand on the mare's

shoulder, so calm, so imperturbable, so ridiculously full of argument, that there was nothing more for her to do or say. Indignation, expostulation, were powerless upon him as mist upon a rock. He was the oddest, most incomprehensible, of grooms.

Going back to the house, she met Florimel, and turned again with her to the scene of discipline. Ere they reached it, Florimel's delight with all around her had done something to restore Clementina's composure: the place was precious to her, for there she had passed nearly the whole of her childhood. But to any one with a heart open to the expressions of nature's countenance the place could not but have a strange as well as peculiar charm.

Florimel had lost her way. I would rather it had been in the moonlight, but slant sunlight was next best. It shone through a slender multitude of mast-like stems, whose shadows complicated the wood with wonder, while the light seemed amongst them to have gathered to itself properties appreciable by other organs besides the eyes, and to dwell bodily with the trees. The soil was mainly of sand, the soil to delight the long tap-roots of the fir-trees, covered above with a thick layer of slow-forming mould in the gradual odoriferous decay of needles and cones and flakes of bark and knots of resinous exudation. It grew looser and sandier, and its upper coat thinner, as she approached the shore. The trees shrunk in size, stood farther apart and grew more individual, sending out gnarled boughs on all sides of them, and asserting themselves, as the tall, slender branchless ones in the social restraint of the thicker wood dared not do. They thinned and thinned, and the sea and the shore came shining through, for the ground sloped to the beach without any intervening abruptness of cliff, or even bank: they thinned and thinned until all were gone, and the bare long yellow sands lay stretched out on both sides for miles, gleaming and sparkling in the sun, especially at one spot where the water of the little stream wandered about over them, as if it had at length found its home, but was too weary to enter and lose its weariness, and must wait for the tide to come up and take it. But when Florimel reached the strand she could see nothing of the group she sought: the shore took a little bend, and a tongue of forest came in between. She also was on her way back to the house when she met Clementina, who soon interrupted her

ecstasies by breaking out in accusation of Malcolm, not untempered, however, with a touch of dawning respect. At the same time, her report of his words was anything but accurate, for, as no one can be just without love, so no one can truly report without understanding. But there was no time to discuss him now, as Clementina insisted on Florimel's putting an immediate stop to his cruelty.

When they reached the spot, there was the groom again seated on his animal's head, with a new proposition in the sand before him.

"Malcolm," said his mistress, "let the mare get up. You must let her off the rest of her punishment this time."

Malcolm rose again to his knee. "Yes, my lady," he said. "But perhaps your ladyship wouldn't mind helping me to unbuckle her girths before she gets to her feet. I want to give her a bath. Come to this side," he went on, as Florimel advanced to do his request—"round here by her head. If your ladyship would kneel upon it, that would be best. But you mustn't move till I tell you."

"I will do anything you bid me—exactly as you say, Malcolm," responded Florimel.

"There's the Colonsay blood! I can trust that!" cried Malcolm, with a pardonable outbreak of pride in his family. Whether most of his ancestors could so well have appreciated the courage of obedience is not very doubtful.

Clementina was shocked at the insolent familiarity of her poor little friend's groom, but Florimel saw none, and kneeled, as if she had been in church, on the head of the mare, with the fierce crater of her fiery brain blazing at her knee. Then Malcolm lifted the flap of the saddle, undid the buckles of the girths, and, drawing them a little from under her, laid the saddle on the sand, talking all the time to Florimel, lest a sudden word might seem a direction, and she should rise before the right moment had come.

"Please, my lady Clementina, will you go to the edge of the wood? I can't tell what she may do when she gets up. And please, my lady Florimel, will you run there too the moment you get off her head?"

When he had got rid of the saddle he gathered the reins together in his bridle-hand, took his whip in the other, and softly and carefully straddled across her huge barrel without touching her.

"Now, my lady," he said, "run for the wood."

Florimel rose and fled, heard a great scrambling behind her, and, turning at the first tree, which was only a few yards off, saw Kelpie on her hind legs, and Malcolm, whom she had lifted with her, sticking by his knees on her bare back. The moment her fore feet touched the ground he gave her the spur severely, and after one plunging kick, off they went westward over the sands, away from the sun, nor did they turn before they had dwindled to such a speck that the ladies could not have told by their eyes whether it was moving or not. At length they saw it swerve a little; by and by it began to grow larger; and after another moment or two they could distinguish what it was, tearing along toward them like a whirlwind, the lumps of wet sand flying behind like an upward storm of clouds. What a picture it was! — only neither of the ladies was calm enough to see it picturewise — the still sea before, type of the infinite always, and now of its repose; the still straight solemn wood behind, like a past world that had gone to sleep, out of which the sand seemed to come flowing down, to settle in the long sand-lake of the beach; that flameless furnace of life tearing along the shore betwixt the sea and the land, between time and eternity, guided, but only half controlled, by the strength of a higher will; and the two angels that had issued — whether out of the forest of the past or the sea of the future, who could tell? — and now stood, with hand-shaded eyes, gazing upon that fierce apparition of terrene life.

As he came in front of them, Malcolm suddenly wheeled Kelpie — so suddenly and in so sharp a curve that he made her "turn close to the ground, like a cat, when scratchingly she wheels about after a mouse," as Sir Philip Sidney says, and dashed her straight into the sea. The two ladies gave a cry — Florimel of delight, Clementina of dismay, for she knew the coast, and that there it shelved suddenly into deep water. But that was only the better to Malcolm: it was the deep water he sought, though he got it with a little pitch sooner than he expected. He had often ridden Kelpie into the sea at Portlossie, even in the cold autumn weather when first she came into his charge, and nothing pleased her better or quieted her more. He was a heavy weight to swim with, but she displaced much water. She carried her head bravely, he balanced sideways, and they swam splendidly. To the eyes of Clementina the mare seemed to be laboring for her life.

When Malcolm thought she had had enough of it he turned her head to the shore. But then came the difficulty. So steeply did the shore shelve that Kelpie could not get a hold with her hind hoofs to scramble up into the shallow water. The ladies saw the struggle, and Clementina, understanding it, was running in an agony right into the water, with the vain idea of helping them, when Malcolm threw himself off, drawing the reins over Kelpie's head as he fell, and, swimming but the length of them shoreward, felt the ground with his feet, and stood. Kelpie, relieved of his weight, floated a little farther on to the shelf, got a better hold with her fore feet, some hold with her hind ones, and was beside him in a moment. The same moment Malcolm was on her back again, and they were tearing off eastward at full stretch. So far did the lessening point recede in the narrowing distance that the two ladies sat down on the sand, and fell a-talking about Florimel's most uncategorical groom, as Clementina, herself the most uncategorical of women, to use her own scarcely justifiable epithet, called him. She asked if such persons abounded in Scotland. Florimel could but answer that this was the only one she had met with. Then she told her about Richmond Park and Lord Liftore and Epictetus.

"Ah, that accounts for him!" said Clementina. "Epictetus was a Cynic, a very cruel man: he broke his slave's leg once, I remember."

"Mr. Lenorme told me that *he* was the slave, and that his master broke *his* leg," said Florimel.

"Ah! yes! I dare say that *was* it. But it is of little consequence: his principles were severe, and your groom has been his too-ready pupil. It is a pity he is such a savage: he might be quite an interesting character. Can he read?"

"I have just told you of his reading Greek over Kelpie's head," said Florimel, laughing.

"Ah! but I meant English," returned Clementina, whose thoughts were a little astray. Then laughing at herself, she explained: "I mean, can he read aloud? I put the last of the Waverley novels in the box we shall have to-morrow — or the next day at the latest, I hope — and I was wondering whether he could read the Scotch as it ought to be read. I have never heard it spoken, and I don't know how to imagine it."

"We can try him," said Florimel. "It will be great fun anyhow. He is *such* a

character! You will be *so* amused with the remarks he will make!"

"But can you venture to let him talk to you?"

"If you ask him to read, how will you prevent him? Unfortunately, he has thoughts, and they *will* out."

"Is there no danger of his being rude?"

"If speaking his mind about anything in the book be rudeness, he will most likely be rude. Any other kind of rudeness is as impossible to Malcolm as to any gentleman in the land."

"How can you be so sure of him?" said Clementina, a little anxious as to the way in which her friend regarded the young man.

"My father was — yes, I may say so — attached to him; so much so that he — I can't quite say what — but something like made him promise never to leave my service. And this I know for myself, that not once, ever since that man came to us, has he done a selfish thing or one to be ashamed of. I could give you proof after proof of his devotion."

Florimel's warmth did not reassure Clementina, and her uneasiness wrought to the prejudice of Malcolm. She was never quite so generous toward human beings as toward animals. She could not be depended on for justice except to people in trouble, and then she was very apt to be unjust to those who troubled them. "I would not have you place too much confidence in your Admirable Crichton of menials, Florimel," she said. "There is something about him I cannot get at the bottom of. Depend upon it, a man who can be cruel would betray on the least provocation."

Florimel smiled superior, as she had good reason to do, but Clementina did not understand the smile, and therefore did not like it. She feared the young fellow had already gained too much influence over his mistress. "Florimel, my love," she said, "listen to me. Your experience is not so ripe as mine. That man is not what you think him. One day or other he will, I fear, make himself worse than disagreeable. How *can* a cruel man be unselfish?"

"I don't think him cruel at all. But then I haven't such a soft heart for animals as you. We should think it silly in Scotland. You wouldn't teach a dog manners at the expense of a howl. You would let him be a nuisance rather than give him a cut with a whip. What a nice mother of children you will make, Clem-

entina! That's how the children of good people are so often a disgrace to them."

"You are like all the rest of the Scotch I ever knew," said Lady Clementina: "the Scotch are always preaching. I believe it is in their blood. You are a nation of parsons. Thank goodness! my morals go no further than doing as I would be done by! I want to see creatures happy about me. For my own sake even I would never cause pang to person — it gives me such a pang myself."

"That's the way you are made, I suppose, Clementina," returned Florimel. "For me, my clay must be coarser. I don't mind a little pain myself, and I can't break my heart for it when I see it, except it be very bad — such as I should care about myself. But here comes the tyrant."

Malcolm was pulling up his mare some hundred yards off. Even now she was unwilling to stop, but it was at last only from pure original objection to whatever was wanted of her. When she did stand she stood stock-still, breathing hard. "I have actually succeeded in taking a little out of her at last, my lady," said Malcolm as he dismounted. "Have you got a bit of sugar in your pocket, my lady? She would take it quite gently now."

Florimel had none, but Clementina had, for she always carried sugar for her horse. Malcolm held the demoness very watchfully, but she took the sugar from Florimel's palm as neatly as an elephant, and let her stroke her nose over her wide red nostrils without showing the least of her usual inclination to punish a liberty with death. Then Malcolm rode her home, and she was at peace till the evening, when he took her out again.

CHAPTER XL.

MOONLIGHT.

AND now followed a pleasant time. Westbeach was the quietest of all quiet neighborhoods: it was the loveliest of spring-summer weather, and the variety of scenery on moor, in woodland and on coast within easy reach of such good horsewomen was wonderful. The first day they rested the horses that would rest, but the next they were in the saddle immediately after an early breakfast. They took the forest way. In many directions were tolerably smooth rides cut, and along them they had good gallops, to the great delight of Florimel after the restraints of Rotten Row, where riding had seemed like dancing a minuet with a waltz in her heart.

Hyperion! It was a world of fancy: anything might happen in it. Who, in that region of marvel, would start to see suddenly a knight on a great sober war-horse come slowly pacing down the torrent of carmine splendor, flashing it like the knight of the sun himself, in a flood from every hollow, a gleam from every flat, and a star from every round and knob of his armor? As the trees thinned away, and his feet sank deeper in the looser sand, and the sea broke blue out of the infinite, talking quietly to itself of its own solemn swell into being out of the infinite thought unseen, Malcolm felt as if the world with its loveliness and splendor were sinking behind him, and the cool entrancing sweetness of the eternal dreamland of the soul, where the dreams are more real than any sights of the world, were opening wide before his entering feet. "Shall not death be like this?" he said, and threw himself on the sand and hid his face and his eyes from it all. For there is this strange thing about all glory embodied in the material, that, when the passion of it rises to its height, we hurry from its presence, that its idea may perfect itself in silent and dark and deaf delight. Of its material self we want no more: its real self we have, and it sits at the fountain of our tears. Malcolm hid his face from the source of his gladness and worshipped the source of that source.

Rare as they are at any given time, there have been. I think, such youths in all ages of the world — youths capable of glorying in the fountain whence issues the torrent of their youthful might. Nor is the reality of their early worship blasted for us by any mistral of doubt that may afterward blow upon their spirit from the icy region of the understanding. The cold fevers, the vital agues, that such winds breed can but prove that not yet has the sun of the Perfect arisen upon them; that the Eternal has not yet manifested himself in all regions of their being; that a grander, more obedient, therefore more blissful, more absorbing worship yet, is possible, nay, essential, to them. These chills are but the shivers of the divine nature, unsatisfied, half-starved, banished from its home, divided from its origin, after which it calls in groanings it knows not how to shape into sounds articulate. They are the spirit-wail of the holy infant after the bosom of its mother. Let no man long back to the bliss of his youth, but forward to a bliss that shall swallow even that, and contain it, and be more than it. Our history moves in cycles, it is true, ever returning

toward the point whence it started; but it is in the imperfect circles of a spiral it moves: it returns, but ever to a point above the former: even the second childhood, at which the fool jeers, is the better, the truer, the fuller childhood, growing strong to cast off altogether, with the husk of its own enveloping age, that of its family, its country, the world as well. Age is not all decay: it is the ripening, the swelling, of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.

When Malcolm lifted his head the sun had gone down. He rose and wandered along the sand toward the moon, blooming at length out of the darkening sky, where she had hung all day like a washed-out rag of light, to revive as the sunlight faded. He watched the banished life of her day-swoon returning, until, gathering courage, she that had been no one shone out fair and clear, in conscious queendom of the night. Then, in the friendly infolding of her dreamlight and the dreamland it created, Malcolm's soul revived as in the comfort of the lesser, the mitigated glory, and, as the moon into radiance from the darkened air, and the nightingale into music from the sleep-stilled world of birds, blossomed from the speechlessness of thought and feeling into a strange kind of brooding song. If the words were half nonsense, the feeling was not the less real. Such as they were, they came almost of themselves, and the tune came with them.

Rose o' my hert,
Open yer leaves to the lampin' mune;
Into the curls lat her keek an' dert:
She'll tak the color, but gie ye tune.

Buik o' my brain,
Open yer neuks to the starry signs:
Lat the een o' the holy luik an' strain
An' glimmer an' score atween the lines.

Cup o' my sowl,
Gowd an' diamond an' ruby cup,
Ye're noucht ava but a toom dry bowl
Till the wine o' the kingdom fill ye up.

Conscience-glass,
Mirror the infinite all in thee:
Melt the bounded, and make it pass
Into the tideless, shoreless sea.

World of my life,
Swing thee round thy sunny track;
Fire and wind and water and strife —
Carry them all to the glory back.

Ever as he halted for a word the moonlight and the low sweet waves on the sands filled up the pauses to his ear; and there he lay, looking up to the sky and the moon

and the rose-diamond stars, his thought half dissolved in feeling and his feeling half crystallized to thought.

Out of the dim wood came two lovely forms into the moonlight, and softly approached him—so softly that he knew nothing of their nearness until Florimel spoke. "Is that MacPhail?" she said.

"Yes, my lady," answered Malcolm, and bounded to his feet.

"What were you singing?"

"You could hardly call it singing, my lady. We should call it crooning in Scotland."

"Croon it again, then."

"I couldn't, my lady. It's gone."

"You don't mean to pretend that you were extemporizing?"

"I was crooning what came like the birds, my lady. I couldn't have done it if I had thought any one was near." Then, half-ashamed, and anxious to turn the talk from the threshold of his secret chamber, he said, "Did you ever see a lovelier night, ladies?"

"Not often, certainly," answered Clementina.

She was not quite pleased and not altogether offended at his addressing them dually. A curious sense of impropriety in the state of things bewildered her—she and her friend talking thus in the moonlight on the seashore, doing nothing, with her groom—and such a groom!—she asking him to sing again, and he addressing them both with a remark on the beauty of the night. She had braved the world a good deal, but she did not choose to brave it where nothing was to be had, and she was too honest to say to herself that the world would never know—that there was nothing to brave: she was not one to do that in secret to which she would not hold her face. Yet all the time she had a doubt whether this young man, whom it would certainly be improper to encourage by addressing from any level but one of lofty superiority, did not belong to a higher sphere than theirs; while certainly no man could be more unpresuming or less forward, even when opposing his opinion to theirs. Still, if an angel were to come down and take charge of their horses, would ladies be justified in treating him as other than a servant?

"This is just the sort of night," Malcolm resumed, "when I could almost persuade myself I was not quite sure I wasn't dreaming. It makes a kind of borderland betwixt waking and sleeping, knowing and dreaming, in our brain. In a night like this I fancy we feel something

like the color of what God feels when he is making the lovely chaos of a new world—a new kind of world, such as has never been before."

"I think we had better go in," said Clementina to Florimel, and turned away.

Florimel made no objection, and they walked toward the wood.

"You really must get rid of him as soon as you can," said Clementina when again the moonless night of the pines had received them: "he is certainly more than half a lunatic. It is almost full moon now," she added, looking up. "I have never seen him so bad."

Florimel's clear laugh rang through the wood. "Don't be alarmed, Clementina," she said. "He has talked like that ever since I knew him; and if he is mad, at least he is no worse than he has always been. It is nothing but poetry—yeast on the brain, my father used to say. We should have a fish-poet of him—a new thing in the world, he said. He would never be cured till he broke out in a book of poetry. I should be afraid my father would break the catechism and not rest in his grave till the resurrection if I were to send Malcolm away."

For Malcolm, he was at first not a little mazed at the utter blankness of the wall against which his words had dashed themselves. Then he smiled queerly to himself, and said, "I used to think ilka bonny lassie bude to be a poetess, for hoo sud she be bonnie but by the informin' hermony o' her bein'? an' what's that but the poetry o' the poet, the makar, as they ca'd a poet i' the auld Scots tongue? But haith! I ken better an' waur now. There's gane the twa bonniest I ever saw, an' I s' lay my heid there's mair poetry in auld man-faced Miss Horn nor in a dizen like them. Ech! but it's some sair to bide! It's sair upon a man to see a bonny wuman 'at has nae poetry, nae inwardlichtsome harmony in her. But it's dooms sairer yet to come upo' ane wantin' cawmon sense. Saw onybody ever sic a gran' sicht as my ledly Clementina!—an' wha can say but she's weel named frae the hert oot?—as guid at the hert, I'll sweir, as at the een! But, eh me! to hear the blether o' nonsense at comes oot atween thae twa bonny yetts o' music! an' a' 'cause she winna gie her hert rist an' time enouch to grow bigger, but maun aye be settin' a' things richt afore their time an' her ain fitness for the job! It's sic a faithless kin' o' a w'y that! I cud jist fancy I saw her gaein' a' roon' the trees o' a summer nicht, pittin' honey upo' the

peers an' the peaches, 'cause she cudna lippen to natur' to ripe them sweet eneuch; only 'at she wad never tak the honey frae the bees. She's jist the pictur' o' natur' hersel' turnt some dementit. I cud jist fancy I saw her gaein' aboot amo' the ripe corn, on sic a night as this o' the mune, happin' 't frae the frost. An' I s' warran' no ae mesh in oor nets wad she lea' ohn clippit open gien the twine had a herrin' by the gills. She's e'en sae pitifu' owre the sinner 'at she winna gie him a chance o' growin' better. I won'er gien she believes 'at there's ae great thought abune a', an' aneth a', an' roon' a', an' in a' thing. She cudna be in sic a mist o' benevolence and parritch-hertitness gien she cud lippen till a wiser. It's nae won'er she kens naething aboot poetry but the meeserable sids an' sawdist an' leavin's the gran' leddies sing an' ca' sangs! Nae mair is 't ony won'er she sud tak me for dementit, gien she h'ard what I was singin'; only I canna think she did that, for I was but croonin' till mysel'." — Malcolm was wrong there, for he was singing out loud and clear. — "That was but a kin' o' an unknown tongue atween Him an' me, an' no anither."

CHAPTER XLII.

THE SWIFT.

FLORIMEL succeeded so far in reassuring her friend as to the safety if not sanity of her groom that she made no objection to yet another reading from "St. Ronan's Well;" upon which occasion an incident occurred that did far more to reassure her than all the attestations of his mistress.

Clementina, in consenting, had proposed, it being a warm, sunny afternoon, that they should that time go down to the lake, and sit with their work on the bank while Malcolm read. This lake, like the whole place, and some of the people in it, was rather strange — not resembling any piece of water that Malcolm at least had ever seen. More than a mile in length, but quite narrow, it lay on the seashore — a lake of deep, fresh water, with nothing between it and the sea but a bank of sand, up which the great waves came rolling in south-westerly winds, one now and then toppling over, to the disconcerting, no doubt, of the pikey multitude within. The head only of the mere came into Clementina's property, and they sat on the landward side of it, on a sandy bank, among the half-exposed roots of a few ancient firs, where a little stream that fed the lake had

made a small gully, and was now trotting over a bed of pebbles in the bottom of it. Clementina was describing to Florimel the peculiarities of the place — how there was no outlet to the lake, how the water went filtering through the sand into the sea, how in some parts it was very deep, and what large pike there were in it. Malcolm sat a little aside, as usual, with his face toward the ladies and the book open in his hand, waiting a sign to begin, but looking at the lake, which here was some fifty yards broad, reedy at the edge, dark and deep in the centre. All at once he sprang to his feet, dropping the book, ran down to the brink of the water, undoing his buckled belt and pulling off his coat as he ran, threw himself over the bordering reeds into the pool, and disappeared with a great splash. Clementina gave a scream and started up with distraction in her face: she made no doubt that in the sudden ripeness of his insanity he had committed suicide. But Florimel, though startled by her friend's cry, laughed, and crowded out assurances that Malcolm knew well enough what he was about. It was longer, however, than even she found pleasant before a black head appeared — yards away, for he had risen at a great slope, swimming toward the other side. What *could* he be after? Near the middle he swam more softly, and almost stopped. Then first they spied a small dark object on the surface. Almost at the same moment it rose into the air. They thought Malcolm had flung it up. Instantly they perceived that it was a bird, a swift. Somehow, it had dropped into the water, but a lift from Malcolm's hand had restored it to the air of its bliss.

But instead of turning and swimming back, Malcolm held on, and getting out on the farther side ran down the beach and rushed into the sea, rousing once more the apprehensions of Clementina. The shore sloped rapidly, and in a moment he was in deep water. He swam a few yards out, swam ashore again, ran round the end of the lake, found his coat, and got from it his pocket-handkerchief. Having therewith dried his hands and face, he wrung out the sleeves of his shirt a little, put on his coat, returned to his place, and said, as he took up the book and sat down, "I beg your pardon, my ladies; but just as I heard my lady Clementina say *piques*, I saw the little swift in the water. There was no time to lose: Swiftie had but a poor chance." As he spoke he proceeded to find the place in the book.

"You don't imagine we are going to

have you read in such a plight as that?" cried Clementina.

"I will take good care, my lady. I have books of my own, and I handle them like babies."

"You foolish man! It is of you in your wet clothes, not of the book, I am thinking," said Clementina indignantly.

"I'm much obliged to you, my lady, but there's no fear of me. You saw me wash the fresh water out. Salt water never hurts."

"You must go and change, nevertheless," said Clementina.

Malcolm looked at his mistress. She gave him a sign to obey, and he rose. He had taken three steps toward the house when Clementina recalled him. "One word, if you please," she said. "How is it that a man who risks his life for that of a little bird can be so heartless to a great noble creature like that horse of yours? I cannot understand it."

"My lady," returned Malcolm with a smile, "I was no more risking my life than you would be in taking a fly out of the milk-jug. And for your question, if your ladyship will only think you cannot fail to see the difference. Indeed, I explained my treatment of Kelpie to your ladyship that first morning in the park, when you so kindly rebuked me for it, but I don't think your ladyship listened to a word I said."

Clementina's face flushed, and she turned to her friend with a "Well!" in her eyes. But Florimel kept her head bent over her embroidery, and Malcolm, no further notice being taken of him, walked away.

From The Quarterly Review.

OLD NORSE MIRROR OF MEN AND MANNERS.*

WHAT people in England thought of Iceland in former days is pretty clear from the lines which commence the tenth chapter of the "Libelle of Englysch Polycye:"†

Of Yseland to wryte is little nede
Save of stockfische,

a verdict endorsed by Dr. Arne Borge, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, in his "Introduction to Knowledge:"—

* 1. *Kongs-Skugg-sid*. Sorö, 1768.

2. *Speculum Regale*. Christiania, 1848.

† Cf. "The Babees Book," etc., p. 214, Early English Text Society.

And I was born in Island, as brute as a beest;
When I ete candels ends I am at a feest, etc.

Indeed, as history teaches us, Scandinavia generally fared not a whit better in the estimation of our countrymen; but by degrees, with the diffusion of knowledge, a truer light has been thrown upon the subject. The tables have in fact been turned, and it now appears that to despised Scandinavia England owes a great deal. In Iceland, and its language, have been found the key to many a riddle in our national character and national language.

It is only within the last few years, as we have seen, that reading Englishmen have begun to realize the fact, that at a period when our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were innocent of all skill in writing books in their own tongue, in which they were born (the most cultivated among them using Latin as a vehicle for expressing their thoughts), there was a race of men in a far distant island, more than half-way over to south Greenland, who had attained to a power of composition in their own vernacular, which, for vividness and fire, for firmness and breadth of outline, for picturesque grouping of accessories and details, has never been surpassed. Although the rich and racy language in which these imperishable monuments were cast—the Old Norse, Danish, or Icelandic, as it is indifferently called—was current in those days all over Scandinavia, yet they were almost invariably the work of Icelanders living in Iceland. Such were Ari Frodi, born 1067, died 1148, the father of Icelandic history; his friend and fellow-student, Saemund, the reputed compiler of the "Old Edda;"* the immortal Snorri Sturleson; and Sturla Thordarson, the continuator of the sagas after Snorri, who died 1284.

What caused this barren island to be so fertile in literary production? Was it the exuberant energy of a race, once lords of the main land, but now cooped up in the narrow confines of that desolate wilderness, that found a partial vent in literary fecundity? Did hard simple fare sharpen the intellectual faculty? Was it the spectacle of fire and frost, fighting for the mastery, that fired or excited their brain? Or the desire to make themselves a name which should penetrate from this remote corner, in which they were voluntary exiles, to the very ends of the earth? Or

* Recent critics have deposed him from his pride of place. Bishop Brynjúlfur, who discovered the Edda MS. at Skalholt (1643), is shown to have ascribed it without warrant to Saemund.

was it frequent mixture on their travels, in the best society of foreign parts, which taught them that to excel in history and poetry was to be a favorite with the great, and to have a purse well filled with gold pieces—a piece of practical knowledge which their ready mother wit would lose no time in turning to the best account? Or was blood—race—at the bottom of the phenomenon after all—a dormant proclivity, an embryo aspiration inbred in this particular tribe of eastern emigrants, which required peculiar conditions of locality, of natural surroundings, of worldly circumstances, to start forth into vigorous life; and those conditions they met with, and the thing was done? While the other Teutonic tribes halting in the tamer plains and forests of central Germany, or paddling among the mud-flats of the lower Elbe and Rhine, or comfortably settled in the enjoyment of the temperate climate and more genial soil of England, garnished for them and nicely swept by the hand of effete and waning Rome, either fell upon soil unfavorable to literary germination, or naturally lacked, in their mental and physical composition, the spark of celestial fire that goes to the making of a poet or historian!

The poem of "Beowulf"—a chief monument of Anglo-Saxon literature—is no proof to the contrary: for it is now held by the best judges to be of Continental and heathen origin. In its scenery and personages, in its form and essence, it is Scandinavian—features, which at once point to the conclusion that it came over with the early Scandinavian invaders, and got altered into its present shape. Is it, then, to some of the above suggested causes, or to a combination of all of them, that we must look for the Mimer's fount—the source of inspiration of these people—and attribute the difference between the literary compositions of the Anglo-Saxon and the Scandinavian? To take a crucial instance, just compare our "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" with the "*Heimskringla*." The first reminds us, if we may be permitted to say so, of the "valley of dry bones,"—not a living trait there of the great Alfred's character, moral or intellectual, or of his personal qualities. In the "*Heimskringla*," on the contrary, by the wave of the enchanter's wand, in the hand of a Snorri, these dry bones start up into animated life.

A new and startling theory has lately, however, been broached by the Irish antiquaries, claiming for natives of Ireland the laurels hitherto worn by Scandinavia.

Dr. Todd, in his edition of the "Wars of the Gaedhill and the Gaill" (Introd. p. xxviii.), surmises that the Icelandic sagas were only "imitations, on the part of the Northmen, of the historical tales and bardic poems which they had found in Ireland." Some of these, he goes on to say, are still extant in the Irish tongue, and were popular with the Irish in the tenth and eleventh centuries, at latest; whereas Ari Frodi, who, according to Snorri, was the first man that wrote down in Norse things new and old, was not born till 1067. The Irish tales, like the Norse, were in prose interspersed with poems and fragments of poems, and therefore he (Dr. Todd) concludes, "Ireland had evidently the priority of the North in this species of popular literature." But, though Ari may have been the first to write these things down, yet it is clear that, centuries before, these people had a live tradition, wonderfully elaborated and faithfully kept; so that, at the end of the tenth century, the national literature was full-blown and ready to be committed to writing. Saxo, who flourished in the tenth century, in the preface to his "History of Denmark," dwells on this extraordinary aptitude of the Icelanders for committing facts to memory and writing them down.

But Dr. Todd is not without backers. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his papers on Celtic literature, has discovered that "the style of the Icelandic writers is due to early Celtic influence." And he bases this dictum on the statement of Ari,* that in 870, when the Northmen arrived in Iceland, there were Christians there (*Papae*), who went away because they did not like to live with heathen, leaving behind them Irish books, bells, and crossiers; whence these people must have been Irish. But surely this is a slender foundation for the statement that the inimitable style of Icelandic literature is borrowed from the Irish. And, besides, to judge from the specimens of inflation and bombast exhibited in the Irish saga edited by Dr. Todd, with its synonyms piled on synonyms, and alliteration run mad, the Erse productions are not to be compared with the work of the Icelanders. Hyperion to a satyr!

We have indicated above how far England was behind with the pen in Alfred's time. But this want of genius and incapacity for original composition endured long after the Conquest. The linguistic strata of the country were thoroughly dislocated by the social earthquake at Has-

* *Islandingabok.*

tings, and most literary efforts were confined to Latin, or mere translations from the French. For many weary years Norman and Anglo-Saxon were striving for the mastery, so that, according to some philologists, the earliest specimen of a public document in our native tongue is the well-known proclamation of Henry III., A.D. 1258.

"The King's Mirror," to which we now desire to call the attention of our readers, is one of the few works, composed in the old tongue, that did not see the light in Iceland. From internal evidence it is clear that this remarkable book was written in Norway, although all the MSS. of it, save one, were made in Iceland. Who the author was is matter of doubt. At an early period it was attributed to King Swerrer, the friend of our King John. Olaus Wormius, writing to Stephanus Stephanus in 1641, mentions this tradition, and does not impugn it. This reputed author was such a notable fellow, that we must introduce him to our readers. Brought up in boyhood, and educated for the priestly office, under his uncle the Bishop of Farö, he doubtless often ministered in the quaint old church at Kirkubö, near Thorshaven, which, when we visited the islands a few years ago, was still used for public worship. With no very well-founded pretensions to the crown, his royal blood being little better than a myth, this man at length surmounted all obstacles and ascended the throne of Norway. Like many of our English monarchs in those days, like the emperor Frederick II. of Germany, like all the monarchs who would not brook the arrogant pretensions of Rome, and appointed their own bishops, he soon got the pope upon his back, and found him as difficult to dislodge as ever did Sinbad, the old man of the sea.

To such a pass did matters come at last between Swerrer and the pope, that the king, like our craven John, was placed under an interdict, and all the bishops fled out of the land. But we cannot follow the details of his eventful life, and must pass on to its end. Falling sick after a successful deed of arms at Funsberg, he sailed for Bergen, keeping his berth during the voyage. As soon as he reached that city, he caused himself to be carried up to the castle. Perceiving death approaching,* he ordered the letters about the succession to be read aloud, and then sealed up

and despatched to his son Hacon at Trondjem. The city clergy were next summoned to administer extreme unction to the dying king, and — all honor to these spirited ecclesiastics! — they did not appear to have raised any objection, although he was under the ban of the Church. At this moment he exclaimed, "Here will I wait for recovery or death. If I die in my high seat, surrounded by my friends, it will chance otherwise than Bishop Arnesen prophesied: that I should be cut down as food for dogs and ravens." Thereupon he was anointed; his last request being that they should leave his face bare, so that friends and enemies might see whether it exhibited any traces of the Church's ban and interdict. "More moil and unrest have been my portion," exclaimed he, "than rest and enjoyment. Many foes have I had, who have let me feel the full weight of their enmity, which God forgive them all. Let him judge between us." So died March 9, 1202, at the early age of fifty-one, worn out by hardships, one of Norway's greatest kings; the insinuations of one of his bitterest detractors, William of Newbury, notwithstanding. A book by such a man would indeed have been worth reading; and there is a clerly flavor about the work in parts, which might well befit one brought up, like Swerrer, for the Church: but by common consent the authorship must be sought elsewhere. With much polish, it has none of the fire and vehemence so characteristic of the impetuous king. On the other hand, the style has none of the spirit of that prince of *raconteurs historiques*, Snorri. But, though at times somewhat artificial, there is a curious felicity of expression, which cannot fail to interest. A passage in it fixes the habitat of the writer, Halgoland, in the north of Norway, the birthplace, by the way, of King Alfred's gossip, Ohthere. He is conjectured to have been a distinguished nobleman, who had been much at court and in foreign parts. Though the age was one of licentiousness, yet his tone throughout is highly moral and religious, while he gives his son the benefit of his varied experiences. The work is in the form of a dialogue, which affords many interesting glimpses of contemporary manners, ceremonies, ideas, and characters in every grade and profession. The date of its composition has been much disputed. The late Professor Munch placed it between 1190 and 1196, while Otto Blom, solely from the military costumes, fixes its date at ten years later, *i.e.* the period at

* Torfaeus, iv. 1. Keyser's "*Norske Kirkenes Historie*," i. 316.

which Anglo-Saxon was beginning gradually to give place to modern English.*

But it is time we should review the contents of the book.

A young man looks around him into the world, and scrutinizes the doings of it, and he beholds the motley crowd straying from the right road and wearying themselves in bypaths, and so he goes to his father and asks him to lay down for him some rules of life. It so chanced that certain persons of worship and wisdom overheard the colloquy, and, though they do not appear to have been the youth's enemies, they urged him "to write a book," and so give the world the benefit of so much wisdom combined with amusement (*gaman*). He takes their advice; but then comes the knotty question, what was to be the name of the book? Now with the literary world in those days, whether moralists, philosophers, satirists, or what not, there was one title which was quite the rage — *Speculum*, to wit; *Anglicè*, Mirror. A good seventy such looking-glasses were held up to mankind — some of them to the august person of royalty — during the twelfth and two following centuries. There was the renowned "*Speculum Stultorum*," by Nigel Wireker, wherein, under the character of the ass Brunellus, he had (A.D. 1186) been convulsing London and Paris by his telling sarcasms on the illiterate monks therein portrayed. Wireker had died of the plague at Rome, 1188; and what so likely as that one of the many ecclesiastics, who were passing and re-passing between Rome and Norway, might have brought along with him in his valise a copy of Nigel's "*Speculum*" to while away the tedium of those long nights within the Arctic circle?

Then there was the "*Speculum Ecclesiæ*," by that fiery archdeacon of the blood royal of Wales, Gerald de Barri, in which, with the biting pen of a Junius though with a less veracious one, he writes down, or holds up to ridicule, the clerical profession. So "The Royal Mirror" — *Isländicè* — "*Kongs-Skugg-sið*," is the title fixed on by our author, "not from any motives of pride, but simply to attract the reader." And as for the epithet "royal," the book treats of the manners of kings among those of other people, and a king, "standing as he does at the top of the tree, ought to be a pattern of the best morals and manners to everybody else, both he and his court and all his retainers."

Books by the way on morals and manners combined were not wanting in those days. Such was "The Italian Guest," a German metrical composition (A.D. 1216). So Freidank's "*Bescheidenheit*" (A.D. 1229) was a didactic poem, abounding, like this book, in maxims of worldly wisdom and probity.

His own name the author will not divulge, that the book may not run the chance of being discredited by the critics from envy or personal motives. This might be one of the reasons for assigning the work to King Swerrer, for if there ever was a man with plenty of foes it was he.

Good day, my lord [begins the son]; I am come to converse with thee, and I pray thee list patiently to my queries, and deign to answer me. By all men's witness there are few shrewder men in this land than thou, and I am sure it is true; for everybody with a difficulty comes to thee to solve it, and I hear, when thou wast with the king, all the land's rede was in thy mouth, as well as the making of the laws and treaties. . . . I am heir to thy money, and I would fain be heir to thy wisdom.

A common and easy way of gaining experience of life, and seeing the world in those days, was to combine business with pleasure, and to trade to foreign parts. Later on in the world's history merchants became princes, but then it was not unfrequent, in Scandinavia at least, for princes to become merchants. One Norwegian king was known as "Farmand" the merchant. So the youth expresses a wish to gain experience of men and manners in that line before going to court. The father, although his life has been spent more in the atmosphere of courts than on mercantile voyages, has not a word to say against merchants of the true stamp, and lays down a few rules for their conduct.

A merchant must often risk his life, now at sea, now in heathen lands. So that he needs much activity and courage. Wherever you are, be courteous and gentle; that always makes a man beloved by the good. Rise early, and go first to church; * when service is over, then look to your affairs. And if you do not know the business ways of the place, notice how the merchants of best repute conduct theirs. Mind all the wares you buy or sell are without blemish; and before your bargain is complete, always have some men of skill to witness the transaction. Be about your business till luncheon, or even to the midday meal, if needs be. Your board must be furnished with white linen, clean food, and

* Since writing the above, a treatise by Professor Steenstrup, of Copenhagen, has reached us, fixing the date as unquestionably after 1200.

* The English writer on "manners" also advises his son to go thither, but it is "to observe the manners of their worship." ("Chesterfield," i. 108.)

good drink. If you can afford it, keep a good table. After dinner sleep awhile, or go abroad and amuse yourself. Set a fair price on your goods, near about what you think they will fetch. Don't brood over them, if you can get rid of them on reasonably good terms; for *frequent purchase and quick sale is the very life of trade.*

A maxim exactly anticipating our English saw, "Small profits and quick returns," or "The nimble ninepence is better than the slow shilling." Books of all kinds,* especially on law, he recommends him to study, as also works on the manners of foreign countries.

And if you would be perfect in learning, learn all the tongues, above all Latin and French (Waelsh); for these two tongues go furthest; but mind and not forget your mother tongue.

Which last sentence is aptly inscribed in polyglott on the tomb of the great linguist Rask at Copenhagen.

He must flee drinking and dicing, loose life and gambling, as the very fiend himself: for they are the root of every misfortune. The light of the heavens, the courses of the stars, the succession of day and night, the divisions of the earth, the storms of the ocean, will demand his constant study. Ready reckoning, too, will stand the merchant in good stead.

If you stop in a town take up your quarters at an auberge (herberge), the host of which is discreet, and in good odor alike with the townspeople and the king's retainers. Don't associate with noisy, brawling people. Be very slow to quarrel,† but put not up with insults, where you may be reviled as a coward in consequence. If necessity force thee to retaliate, be sudden and quick about it; but with this proviso, that you can compass your object, and that punishment falls on the right man. But if you see nought is to be got by it, keep cool and seek redress later, unless the offender comes forward and seeks atonement. Never omit to take God and the Most Holy Virgin into a share with you, as well as the saint you oftenest invoke to intercede for you with God. Be very careful of the money that holy men entrust to you, and carry it faithfully to its destination.

Here are instructive hints upon the way of thinking among men of substance and sobriety upon matters mercantile and

* "The knowledge more particularly useful and necessary for you consists of modern languages, modern history, chronology, geography, the laws of nations," etc. ("Chesterfield," i. 143.)

† Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, Bear't, that the opposer may beware of thee." ("Hamlet.")

religious. In those days a good deal of coin would be passing in the shape of Peter's pence, and other ecclesiastical offerings, which a dishonest skipper might have easily converted to his own uses. These pence were first established by Nicholas Breakspear, on his visit to Norway 1152, as papal legate.* Greenland's first contributions were walrus-teeth, as appears from a parchment in the Vatican.

He next counsels his son not to have all his eggs in one basket, but embark in various ventures. And, if he prospers exceedingly, he had better invest in good land, as that sort of property is safest. When his money is full-grown, and he has studied the manners of foreign countries, his argosies can go to sea, but he need not venture his own person.

Questions are now put about various physical phenomena: for instance, what causes the sea's ill temper; now so smooth and gentle that one yearns to sport with it six months on end, and now so wroth and spiteful, that it would wrest from its playmates their property and life. It was not to be expected that a very satisfactory reply was forthcoming to a question involving principles even now very imperfectly understood.

Some equally puzzling questions follow about "the increase and decrease of the sun and moon, the ebb and flow of the tides, and the relation which these respectively bear to one another." The father grapples with his interrogator, as well as the then state of science and the most recent authorities which he had consulted would permit. His system, like that of our Neckam (about 1300), is, doubtless, the one accepted in those days. To solve his son's difficulty about the difference of temperature in different countries the following experiment is introduced:—

Take a burning candle and place it inside a big chamber; and if there is nothing to hinder, it will light the whole interior, big as it is. But if you take an apple and hang it close by the light, so that the apple gets hot, it will darken half the house or more. Now hang it by the wall and it will not become hot, while the candle lights all the inside of the house; and there will be scarcely so much shadow on the wall, where the apple hangs, as half the bigness of the apple. From this you see the earth is round, and it is not equally near the sun at all points; but where its curved course comes nearest to the sun's course, it is much the warmest; and those countries are unin-

* Once beggar's brat, and afterwards Pope Adrian IV. (1159). Snorri says he did much to ameliorate Norse manners.

habitable where this is the case. But those countries so situated that it strikes them with slanting rays, they are habitable.

Singularly enough, in a quaint cosmographical fragment by Robert of Gloucester, who flourished 1300, the phases of the moon are illustrated by comparing her to a ball placed beside a candle:—

So that the sonne in halven del schyneth ever
mo
What above, what byneth, how so it evere
go:
As we mai bi a candle i-seo, that is besides a
balle
That giveth light on hire halven del how so it
evere faille.

The youth has clearly had enough of science. He sees how needful this kind of lore is for a merchant, but he suggests that topics of a lighter and more amusing nature should be now introduced, with which suggestion the reader doubtless concurs.

The wonders of Ireland, Iceland, Greenland: their fires, springs, fishes, sea-monsters, floating and stationary icebergs, the northern light, and the stupendous sea-serpents of the Greenland ocean, are now introduced. But the father is very slow to enlighten his interrogator. He might be accused of exaggeration.

There was a book brought to Norway the other day on "The Wonders of India," which was stated to have been sent to Emmanuel the Grecian king. But people aver that it is all a pack of lies, although quite as great marvels as it relates are to be found up here North.

The mention of this Greek emperor, who reigned 1143-1180, fixes the date of "The King's Mirror" within certain limits. It was under him that Eric, King Swerrer's brother, served, with other noble Norwegians. Doubtless, like Othello, they would have many wonders to recount, imported from the fabulous East.

All we know of this "little book" is that, among other things, it tells of great flying dragons, which small men broke in, like horses. But, asks *paterfamilias*, have we not quite as great marvels to show? Your man, no faster afoot than another, shall take a slip of wood some nine ells long, and so shape it that, when fitted to his feet, he can outstrip a bird, a hound, or a reindeer. So that your expert runners will spear as many as nine reindeer a day. Would not Orientals, if they heard this, think it incredible?

Other northern wonders are recounted: *e.g.*, the moss of Biarkadal. Trees grow

in it, but cut them down, and, after three winters, when the wood is dry, throw them into it, and they will turn to stone, which can be made red-hot, but is incombustible; while if a part sticks out of the morass, it will remain wood. He himself has had in his hands tree-stems from that place, half-wood, half-stone.

He then describes the wonders of Ireland: its immunity from snakes, its wells, its miraculous places and things, and its great sanctity. Indeed, small as the island is, it contains more saints than any other island in the world; for "the natives, though very grim, bloodthirsty, and immoral, will never put a saint to death."

The question arises, had our author seen Giraldus's "*Topographia Hibernie*." Snorri, according to Lang ("*Heimskringla*," i. 304), and also according to Mr. Brewer, must have been acquainted with it. The vainglorious Welshman had taken effectual measures for making his account of Ireland popular and well known. For three whole days, A.D. 1200, he had recited the second edition of it at Oxford before an audience which was largely composed of foreign scholars, owing to the disturbances then prevailing in the University of Paris. The admission to these "readings" was free; add to which, as he complacently informs us, he feasted all the doctors of the different faculties, all the scholars, all the knights in the place, all the poor, and many of the burgesses. Moreover, there was plenty of direct intercourse between Great Britain and Norway, which would have given facilities for books being carried to the latter country. Henry II. used to send people there every year when the falcons had hatched, to get young birds for his sport. Or a copy of the "Topography of Ireland" might have been carried by Giraldus to Rome, which he visited at the end of the twelfth century, and from thence have found its way to Norway. Indeed, it is unquestionable that most writers on Ireland from that day to this took Giraldus for their text-book. But our author must have had access to other sources, for his account is often fuller, and does not always tally with that in the "Topography." We conjecture that our author must have known that singular book, the "Irish Nennius," which was republished with additions, *circa* 858, by one Nennius, a Briton of the Latin communion, but which originally was the work of Marcus, a Briton, who was educated in Ireland, and became an Irish bishop.

Giraldus mentions a fantastic island which had recently appeared all on a sud-

den, and looked so very like a whale that the peasants thought it was one. On their rowing out to it, it suddenly vanished. But, at last, by a singular expedient, they effected a landing, and found it was *terra firma*. The account in the "*Speculum*" is much more circumstantial. There is a little floating island, it says, which often comes so close to the shore, that one may step on it. The herbs growing on it are good for all manner of sickness. But no more than one patient is admitted at a time, and directly he is aboard, off it floats and does so for seven years, when it again approaches the main land and adheres to it quite fast. Meanwhile a noise like thunder is heard, and up rises another island just like the other in every particular, and goes on its travels for seven years, when the same operation is performed. Those who are acquainted with the floating island in Keswick Lake will not be disposed to reject the legend entirely.

The following is not without interest : —

There is a small island in that country, which in their language is called l'Hisglum. On it are many houses, and also a church, . . . When people die they are not buried in the earth, but are set up round the church, or against the walls of the churchyard. And there they stand as if they were alive, their limbs dried, their hair and nails unscathed. They never decay, and the fowls of the air never settle on them; and the survivors can at once recognize their fathers and all their ancestors.

Now, Giraldus wrongly attributes this legend to Arran. It belonged to Inisgluair (*Isl.*, "l'Hisglum"), off the coast of Erris, County Mayo. For we read in the "Irish Nennius" ("Book of Ballymote," i. 193), "Inis-Gluair in Irrus Dombnan: this is its property, that the corpses that are carried into it do not rot at all, but their nails and hair grow, and every one in it recognizes his father and grandfather for a long period after their death. Neither does the meat unsalted rot in it." * What can more clearly show that the Irish and Scandinavian authors had a common source, or, which is more likely, that the account in the latter is derived from the former?

We next read of an island in Loughre (Lough Rea) where no one can die — body and soul will not disunite. † When therefore one gets so very old or very sick, that he sees his end is ordained by God, he causes

himself to be conveyed out of the island, and the spell is broken; a legend, exactly corroborated by the "Irish Nennius" (p. 192), "The Isle of the Living was three miles from Roscrea, in the parish of Corbally, in a lake called Loch Cre, now dried up." Whereas Giraldus mentions this phenomenon as occurring in north Munster, but he is unable to name the locality.

The origin of the wehrwolf superstition in Ireland is thus explained by our author. When St. Patrick was preaching Christianity in the country one tribe opposed him more than all the rest. Among other methods of annoyance they howled at him like wolves. Exasperated beyond all endurance, the saint prayed God to punish them in so signal a fashion that their posterity should never forget it. And so it came to pass; for it is said their descendants will turn wolves for a season and fly to the woods. But, owing to their human intelligence, they are much worse than other wolves. Some turn wolves every seventh winter, and between whiles return to their human shape. Some again remain wolves for seven winters and are wolves never after.*

Ware, in his "Irish Antiquities" (ii. 162) gives a list of the multitudinous battle-cries of the ancient Irish; and we may well imagine that a sight of that wild, naked Irishry screaming one of those slogans was not the best thing for the nerves. But so frightful were they, says our author, that youths who had never heard them before, were panic-stricken to such a degree that they fled to the forest and lived there till hair grew on them like birds' feathers.

Curiously enough, this very superstition lingered in County Kerry in Camden's time, who quotes as his authority for it J. Good, a priest of Limerick ("Britannia," p. 133, f. ed. 1772): —

There is [he says] a persuasion of the wild Irish that he who in the great clamor and outcry which the soldiers make before a battle, does not huzza as the rest do, is suddenly snatched from the ground and carried through the air into those desolate valleys (of Kerry), in what part of Ireland soever he be; that there he eats grass, laps water, has no sense of happiness or misery; has some remains of reason but none of speech, and that at long run he is caught by the dogs in hunting, and brought back to his own home.

Before concluding his budget of Irish wonders, our author says he would like

* Cf. "*Cambrensis Eversus*," i. 129; and Giraldus, v. 83. Treasury Series.

† Cf. Neckham, "*Divina Sapientia*," 883.

* Cf. Baring-Gould's "Popular Superstitions."

to relate one anecdote more, for amusement's sake:—

There was a certain jester in that land a long while ago; he was a Christian, and his name was Klepsan. It was said that nobody could help laughing at his jokes, lies though they were; no, not even a mourner could contain himself. But he fell sick and died, and was buried in the churchyard like other folks. He had lain long in the earth, so long that the flesh had all rotted off the bones, nay many of his bones also were decayed; when it came to pass that somebody, while burying a corpse in the same part of the churchyard, dug so near the spot where Klepsan lay that he turned up his skull. This he placed on a big, tall stone close by, and it has stood there ever since. And whoever comes by and looks at the skull, and sees the spot where the mouth and tongue were, he must fain laugh, even though he chanced to be in heavy mood. So that the antic moves not fewer people to laughter with his dead bones than he did when alive.

The reader will not fail to perceive that in this little-known Scandinavian book we have the skeleton or the projected shadow of him "who wont to set the table in a roar"—Yorick, to wit. Whence did Shakespeare get the first inkling of the graveyard and the jester's skull? Had he seen the "Mirror" in any shape? We do not remember the legend in Bede or Saxo, from which last historian, at second hand, he borrowed and metamorphosed the tale of "Amlethus" or "Hamlet." Giraldus does not allude to the legend. Singularly enough, a legend much resembling the above—even in the name of the hero of it—occurs in the "Irish Nennius," p. 101: "The grave of Mac Rustaing, at Rus Ech, in Cailli Follamhain, in Meath; no woman has power to look at without an involuntary shriek, or a loud foolish laugh." To which the editor appends the following note: "The old church of Kussagh is still remaining, near the village of Street in the north of Westmeath; but the grave of Mac Rustaing is no longer pointed out or remembered. He was one of the eight distinguished scholars of Armagh about 740. Another Irish MS. has it:—

The grave of Mac Rustaing, I say
In Ros Each without disgrace,
Every woman who sees, shouts,
Shrieks, and loudly laughs.

Kritan was the name of fair Mac Rustaing.

The scene now shifts to Iceland; and there is a detailed account of the fish of those seas. The whale, as was likely, occupies a large space. Several different species are described—some of them

whales proper, others no connection—and many observations occur, mixed with much that is grotesque and fabulous—throwing light on the habits of the cetaceans, our knowledge of which, in spite of the researches of Eschricht, Theinar, Hartwig, Lacépède, Brown, and others, is still very incomplete:—

There is one sort of whale, called fishdriver, which is most profitable of all to man, for it drives herrings* and all sorts of fish to land from the sea outside. Its nature is wonderful; for it takes care not to harm either ships or men; just as if it was ordained for this purpose by God; but this is only so long as the fishers follow their calling in peace. If they fall out and fight, and blood is spilt, the whale seems to be aware of it, and at once puts himself between the fish and the land, and drives them clean off. . . . It is strictly forbidden to capture or annoy it, on account of its great use to man.

Then we have the north whale, which is sometimes ninety ells long, and as much round as he is long, for a rope just his length will gird his body at the thickest part. His head is about a third of his girth. He is a very clean liver, for men say he feeds on nothing but fog and rain. When he is captured, nothing unclean can be found in his stomach, which is, in fact, quite empty.† He has one little difficulty to contend with. The branchiæ inside of his mouth are apt to get hitched across, if he open it too wide, so that he cannot close it again, and death ensues in consequence. He is a peaceable beast, and good eating.

After enumerating a good score of whales, our author says there is one fish not yet mentioned. In fact, he has scruples about doing so, such incredible tales are told of it. It goes by the name of *haf-gufa* (sea-boiler). Anyhow, he conjectures, it must be very scarce. Its method of bread-winning is eccentric. When it is ahungred, it opens its mouth and pours from thence such an eructation, that a host of fish swarm around, regardless of their doom, under the flattering idea that they are going to have very good times of it. The entrance being as wide, not as

* Icelandic *sild*; the name of this fish even now on the east coast of England and in Scotland.

† The sea of Spitzbergen produces whales two hundred feet long. They have no teeth. When their bodies are opened, they find nothing but ten or twelve handfuls of little black spiders, which are engendered by the bad air of the sea; and also a little green grass, which springs up from the bottom of the water. It is possible that these whales live neither on this grass, nor on these spiders, but on the water of the sea which produces the grass and spiders. (J. Peyrère, "Greenland" (1646), p. 23. Hakluyt Society Publ.)

the proverbial church-door, but as "a fiord," they pass in without the least suspicion of danger, and are completely taken in, alike as metaphor and reality—the monster closing his jaws when his wame and mouth are full of the imprisoned victims.

But, after all, the account of Hartwig, a modern author, is not widely different.

The ice and fire of Iceland are now introduced by way of a pleasing variety. The ice the senior sets down to the proximity of Iceland to Greenland—a conclusion to which the moderns have also come. Our author thinks that the springs in Iceland are dead. They are continually spouting up hot water high into the air, summer and winter, and whatever is cast into them, clothes or wood, or what not, comes up again turned into stone; so that the water is clearly dead, for whatever it wets it turns to stone, and stone is dead. An ingenious syllogism! But we must pick a hole in it. As we lay encamped at the geysirs we threw into the Strockr some unconsidered trifles—one traveller hurled in his breeches—and all these articles were subsequently ejected, mauled it is true, but not turned to stone. The silicious deposit of the hot water, which petrifies the grass and other objects around, is a process requiring a much longer time.

A theory is now propounded about the cause of the earthquakes* and eruptions in Iceland. Nor do modern philosophers seem to have got much beyond it.

Suppose that the fire arises from some natural properties of the country, viz., that the earth's foundation is perforated with veins, or empty hiding-places,† or vast holes. And these get so full of wind that they cannot bear it, and so cause the earthquakes. Now if this is possible, then those fires which are seen bursting up from many parts of the island originate from the violent tempests and commotions inside the earth.

He does not insist on the truth of this conjecture, but that it is a reasonable one. Indeed, he himself has observed that all fire proceeds from violent concussion, e.g. from steel striking flint, or two pieces of wood being rubbed against each other. So again if two winds meet in the air, there is a great concussion, and fire is struck out which dashes down to the earth

and burns houses and forests, and even ships at sea.

In the above reasoning we at all events discern foreshadowings of the physical law propounded by the moderns, that heat and motion are identical.

Our would-be merchant is next introduced to Greenland, which was discovered first by a Norwegian, Eric the Red, about A.D. 982, in the reign of Olaf Trygvasson, as America was by the same folks not long after. The mariner in those seas need have a stout heart, for he may chance to sail across the path of the *hafstramb* (sea-giant).

It is tall and bulky, and stands right up out of the water. From the shoulders upward it is like a man, while over the brows there is, as it were, a pointed helmet. It has no arms, and from the shoulders downwards it seems to get smaller and more slender. Nobody has ever been able to see whether its extremities ended in a tail, like that of a fish, or in a point. Its color was ice-blue (*Jökull*) color. Neither could any one discern whether it had scales, or skin like a man. When this monster appeared, the sailors knew it to be the presage of a storm. If it looks at a ship and then dives, a loss of life was certain; but if it looked away and then dived, people had a good hope that, though they might encounter a heavy storm, their lives would be saved.*

Another horror and we have done. Of this the author speaks with some uncertainty, as he avows. It goes by the name of *hafgjerding* (sea-girdle or fence); the picture of it recalls that "sea mounting up to the welkin's cheek," which so appalled Trinculo.

It is as if all the storms and waves of those seas had gathered together on three sides in three billows and put a girdle round the whole ocean; higher than the mountains, and as steep as a cliff, with no outlet. Few instances of escape are known, when a ship has been thus ingirt. But God must clearly have saved somebody alive to tell the tale; whether the above account exactly tallies with theirs, or whether it be somewhat magnified or diminished.

And he goes on to state how he has met with some who had recently escaped. The whole mystery seems effectually solved by Professor Steenstrup, who has recently shown that it was caused by an "earthquake" of great magnitude. Nay, he fixes the very date of one of these phenomena from a passage in the "Land-

* According to the "Edda," earthquakes are due to the raging violence of the captive Loki in his stone cell, wherein he is confined by the gods in *secular sæcularum*.

† *Islandið, smuga*. Cf. *smiuga*, to sneak out, whence our "smuggle."

* Bishop Eggede bears witness to the truth of these statements. He believes that the author wrote after most accurate inquiry. Cf. Rafn's "Greenland Annals."

nama," where a Hebrides man, who accompanied Eric the Red's expedition to colonize Greenland, 986, composed a poem called "*Hafgerdinga Drápa*."*

Now follows an interesting description of Arctic navigation in days long before Martens, or Willoughby, or Frobisher were heard or thought of. The vikings did not content themselves with sweeping the seas for galleons, or less profitable prizes, or making descents on the shores of Great Britain and France and elsewhere. Some of them took pleasure in reposing even in the chilly arms of such a stern forbidding nurse as the icy Greenland; while their life would be none the happier for those copper-colored hornets of aborigines (skraelingjar,† as they called them) buzzing about their ears, in high dudgeon at their supremacy in those latitudes being disputed by these interlopers.

The author's account of Arctic navigation might have been penned by Sir George Nares. The ice-floes on the Greenland coast, he says, are from four to five ells thick, and reach out to sea as much as four days' journey.

They lie to the north-east and north, then to the south and south-west, and therefore in making the land, one ought to steer westwards along the coast, till one has overlapped the ice, and then sail for the land. It has often happened that navigators have sailed for the land too soon, and got among the ice. Some of them perished in consequence, while others escaped; and I have heard the story from their own lips. The plan they pursued, when they were beset by the ice, was to take to their boats and drag them over, and so endeavor to reach land, leaving their ship and all their goods behind. Some have been out four or five days before they got to shore, some longer. This ice is of a marvellous nature. Sometimes it lies as still as possible, with great gaps or firchs cut into it. At other times it moves as quickly as a ship with a good breeze. And, when once in motion, it goes as often against the wind as with it. There is another kind of ice in these seas of quite a different nature, which the Greenlanders call iceberg. It is just like a tall cliff standing out of the sea, and never blends with the other ice.

The whales, he says, of Greenland, are the same as those of Iceland. Of seals, he enumerates four principal sorts. The "open" seal is so called, because it swims,

not on its belly, but its back or side. It never exceeds four ells in length. Another seal is the "skemming" or "short" seal, which is never larger than two ells. "They are said to swim under ice-floes four or five feet thick, and blow great air-holes right through them whenever they please; a marvellous feat!"

To the moderns also these blow-holes were long an enigma. At one time it was thought that the seal made them by keeping his warm nose against the ice. But unfortunately for this theory, he has a cold nose, not a warm one, and that very tender.* These holes are in fact caused by seals, with a wonderful instinct, always rising up in precisely the same place to breathe while the ice is forming, and thus they prevent congelation, and, as Sheridan would say, puff to some purpose. Our author in stating that there were four principal species of seals, was not far out; indeed the Greenland seals are just that number.

The walrus (*rostung*) is classed by the Greenlanders among the whales, but he is of opinion that it belongs to the seal tribe. "His hide is thick and good for ropes. From it are cut thongs so tough that sixty men or more may tug at them without breaking." Of this same tenacious material were the ropes with which the Old Norsemen played their favorite game of pully-hauls against one another, the vanquished side often being hauled into an intervening pit or pool. Othhere of Halgoland, the very district where our author dwelt, informed King Alfred that among the tribute paid by the Fins to Norway were hides of seal and whale (?whale-horse, walrus). And yet tough as it is, it has served before now to stay starving stomachs. When the sons of Saemund Odde were returning from their visit to King Hacon, they were wrecked on the coast of Iceland, and floated for thirteen days on the wreck. The only comestible saved was butter, with which they smeared the walrus-hide cable and bolted morsels of it, by which means they managed to exist.†

"All these creatures of the seal kind," concludes the author, "are called fish; but their flesh nevertheless is not reckoned as such, for it may not be eaten on fast-days, whereas the whale may."

"What on earth," puts in the son, "makes people risk their lives in going thither? *Cui bono?* How do the inhab-

* "Mighty near my nose," as the seal said when he was hit in the eye. — *Icelandic Proverb*.
† Torfaeus "Hist." iv. 40.

* Cf. *Hvad er Kongespeilets Hafgjerding*: af J. Steenstrup, Copenhagen, 1871.

† Straleng's "shrivelled chips of creatures." These are the modern "Eskimo," which = "fat-eaters." The name which they give themselves is "Innuits" = "the people." For full particulars concerning these people, see No. 284 of this review, "The Arctic Regions and the Eskimo."

itants of those regions exist? Can they grow corn, or are land and water alike frozen? Is it an island or a continent? Are the beasts there like those of other lands?" Questions which would have done credit to an intelligent member of the Zoological or Royal Geographical Society in the nineteenth century. We have not space for the interesting reply.

In answer to his son's further question, whether Greenland lies on the outside of the earth, or where, the father conjectures, upon good authority, that Greenland has no land beyond it northward, but that it *borders on that great wild ocean that surrounds the globe*. And learned men say that a sound cuts into Greenland by which the great world-ocean ramifies into fiords and bays all over the earth. In lat. 75°, the ship "Germania" entered a spacious fiord, and found there beautiful alpine scenery, with cascades and waterfalls, which they were prevented from exploring further; but they conjectured it pierced through the country westward to the ocean. For about it they found musk-oxen in abundance, an animal which has never been seen before, except on the west coast, and which must have arrived thither either by tracking all round the coast southwards, or by valleys across the interior, hitherto unknown.

The following is interesting:—

* This is the nature of the northern light (*nordur lís*) that it is always the more brilliant the darker the night, and it always appears by night and never by day; oftenest in pitch darkness, and not by moonshine. The appearance of it is as if one saw at a distance a great glow shooting up sharp points of flame of unequal height, and very unsteady. And while these gleams of light are at their highest and brightest, one can very well see to find one's way out of doors, or even to go on the chase. And in-doors, if there be a window* it is so light that folks can plainly see each other. So variable is the light that at times it seems as if dark smoke or thick fog were rising up and smothering it. But when this dissipates, the light begins to grow clearer and brighter. Nay, at times it seems to emit great sparks, like a mass of iron glowing hot from the furnace. As day nears, it gradually fades, until it vanishes outright. Three guesses have been made as to the cause of the phenomenon. Some affirm that the waters encircling the earth's ball are surrounded by fire.† And as Greenland lies on the extreme northern edge of the earth, the northern light may be a

reflection of this fire-ring. Others, again, conjecture that at night, when the sun's course is beneath the earth, a glint of its rays may strike the heaven above; as from the proximity of Greenland to the outer edge of the globe there is little of its convexity to intercept their passage upwards. Another, and not the least likely conjecture, is that the light in question is generated by the immense mass of ice prevailing in those regions.

This conjecture is partly adopted by Krantz. He suggests that the vast accumulation of ice which blocks up the shores of Greenland may have some connection with the formation of the northern lights; and in describing the stupendous "ice-blink," a large elevated sheet of ice on the western coast, he says it casts by reflection a brightness over the sky, similar to the northern lights, and which may be seen at a great distance.

Our readers will remember the wonderful Aurora visible all over Europe some years ago. "I suppose it was the reflection of the Arctic ice," observed a Yorkshire yeoman to the writer of these lines. We may, however, remind our readers, that electricity is now generally believed to be at the bottom of the phenomenon. The less philosophically inclined may take refuge in the image of Southey:—

Gleams of the glory, streaks of flowing light,
Openings of heaven, and streams that flash at night,

In fitful splendor through the northern sky.

But we must pass over much interesting matter.

With one "leettle practical speering," the dialogue winds up, viz., When ought one to be in port in autumn? XVII. Kal. November is the reply.

Seafaring is now unsafe. Days shorten, nights grow darker, the sea is disquieted, billows strengthen, rains are stout, storms increase, breakers* wax, strands refuse to afford safe havens, men are dazed (*dazast*), freights are cast overboard, and numbers perish from over much hardihood.

And so concludes the first part of "The King's Mirror."

At the next interview the son informs his father that to sea he intends to go, and put some of his precepts in practice. But it might happen that on foreign voyages he took a fancy to go to court and see more refined manners than are met with

* *Skjar*, literally "skylight." In out-of-the-way parts of Scandinavia such an orifice is even now the only window of some cottages. Cf. Metcalfe's "Oxonian in Thelemarken."

† *Flammanitia mania mundi*. — *Lucretius*.

* *Isl.*, *bodar*, properly "borders," i.e. of hidden rocks; a capital expression for breakers. What a power and a picture in them these old Scandinavian words had! *Blámyr*, for instance = "blue moor," said of the sea! Can Mr. Tennyson beat that.

among traders. "I wish, therefore, to learn here at home from you, unless you think it a thriftless labor, the etiquette of the court."—"Thriftless! by no manner of means! It cannot be thriftless; for there is the fountain of all good manners and courtesy (*kurteis*); although, let me tell you, at court, as elsewhere, there are manners and manners."

We now enter upon a most curious disquisition on court manners. The Early English Text Society, by the publication of Henry Rhodes's "Boke of Nurture and School of Good Manners," John Russell's "Boke of Nurture," etc., has made us acquainted with the fact that in England there was in the fifteenth century quite a literature on these topics—a literature perpetuated by such books as "Counsellor Manners' Advice to his Son,"* and the more famous "Letters of Chesterfield." But few people would imagine that, early in the thirteenth century, up yonder in that *ultima thule*, Scandinavia, such care was bestowed on external behavior as is apparent in this work; which, with none of the coarseness of the "Book of Courtesy," is also free from the questionable morality of Chesterfield.

But it is not to be supposed that the mere going to court would make one a gentleman. Twelve months' constant residence would be hardly sufficient to give a man the requisite *ton*, even though he possessed much natural adaptability and tact. Indeed, there are hangers-on at court a life long, your Sir Mungos, who never learn good manners or courtesy, "just as men will go to Jerusalem and come back the dullards that they went."

The old Icelandic proverb, "*Betra spurt en óvis vera*" ("Better speer than not be sure"), seems to be the motto of our inquiring tyro, for he persists in his queries: "Would it not be preferable to be a free country farmer, than be a mere parasite at the nod and beck of the king?" This view of court life provokes the governor's bile, who seems to have a natural antipathy to the sordid lot of your "base mechanical, your rustic (*porpari*), your clownish ploughboy (*plógkarl*). The answer is:

Everybody throughout the kingdom is at the king's disposal: whether to send on a foreign mission to pope or monarch, or on a warlike expedition, or what not. All are bound

to do his bidding, whether clerk, abbot, bishop or farmer. Surely then it is better to be a regular court official, and enjoy the king's friendship and protection, and so have precedence everywhere, than be a mere Bezonian and country bumpkin, and play second fiddle and eat humble-pie everywhere! The name of king's house-carle is by no means to be despised; on the contrary, it is a highly honorable title, which many an invalid courtier or officer is only too proud of.

The author gives a very high standard of court life doubtless; but with that innate love of the noble and chivalrous implanted in these northerners, it is not impossible that some might have reached in act what another had been able to conceive and prescribe. In short, the way in which Scandinavia, with very little acquaintance, comparatively, with southern politeness, letters, and religion, marked out for herself an original line in each of these, betokens an abundance of native genius.

The following is practical:—

Consider that foreign envoys of high breeding may visit the court; who will look very sharply at the manners of the king and his *entourage*, and criticise them all the more keenly the more polished they are themselves. And when they return home they will report all that they have seen and heard. These reports of foreign courts are sure to be strongly featured—full of scorn, or full of approbation. Only think, if, at some grand *levée*, where archbishops, and earls, and bishops, and prefects, and knights, and hirdmen were present, one of these great dignitaries made a hole in his manners! What a butt he would be for ridicule! Or if one of the hirdmen were to be guilty of a breach of politeness, straightway the king would get the blame; for folks would say that it was from him the manners of the court took their color. What are life and limb worth, when a man by his vulgarity has disgraced his sovereign!

The bare possibility of such a catastrophe at once sharpens the youth's curiosity.

It is quite probable that I may visit the king and enter his service, as my father and kinsmen have done before me, winning for themselves thereby much honor and royal favor. I prithee, therefore, tell me how I should address the king. Inform me distinctly of my demeanor and dress, and everything, in short, that will comport with the royal presence.

Answer:—

I will suppose that you have arrived at court, and your errand thither is to enter the king's service. First, you will diligently inquire who the persons are that are wont to usher in strangers. These you will conciliate,

* The full title of this quaint work is "Counsellor Manners' last legacy to his son, enriched and embellished with grave avisos, excellent histories, and ingenious proverbes and apothegms," by J. D. (John Dore), printed and to be sold by T. Sheldermine at the Rose Tree, Little Britain. 2nd ed. 1673. 3rd, 1698.

and disclose to them your business, begging them to forward it. Those who are most with the king know the best time for approaching him. If you have to make known your petition to him when he is at table, be sure and get accurate intelligence whether he is in a good humor. And if you learn that he is not so blithe (*ublídur*) as usual, or put out about something, or so occupied in affairs of weight that he cannot attend to your matter, then let it rest that day, and try if you can find him more at leisure, or in better humor, another day; but mind and wait till he is nearly full.

This judicious choice of the *mollia tempora fandi* for approaching his Majesty with the "Sifflication," is highly amusing, and not less so his practical acquaintance with the old proverb, "It is ill talking between a full man and a fasting."

Some important precepts on dress follow.* He must don his best suit, be well hosed and shod, have both doublet and cloak. His breeches must be brown or scarlet; or they may be of black leather. His doublet brown, green, or red, according to his taste. His linen of good material, but cut scant and close-fitting.

Your beard must be dressed in the prevailing fashion.† When I was at court it was the fashion to have the hair cut shorter than the ear-lobes, and combed smooth all round, with a short forelock over the brows. They wore the whiskers and moustache cut short, and chin-beard dressed in the German fashion. And I doubt whether any fashion can come into vogue that will look neater, or be better suited to a man-at-arms.

We see that the question of beards or no beards was as much an affair of moment then as now. The fashion had altered since the days of Hacoŕ Jarl, when the Jomsburg vikings are described as wearing their hair long and flowing. At length, all things being propitious, at a sign from the doorkeeper, our juvenile aspirant enters the royal presence, leaving his cloak in the hands of his attendant:

* Shakespeare on dress with his "neat not gaudy" has never been surpassed. But some lesser lights must be allowed to illustrate this weighty topic.

† Thy clothes neat and fashionable, not over gaudy, that the wiser sort of men may not take thee for the king's jester." ("Counsellor Manners," 15. Cf. *Ibid.* 45.)

‡ Be extremely neat and clean in your person and perfectly well dressed, according to the fashion, be that what it will." ("Chesterfield," i. 406.)

† "If all the court cut their hair short, I would not have thee wear thine long, and if they wear long hair, I would not have thee wear thine even to thine ears, which would make thee show like a ducatoon." ("Manners," 46.)

For an account of the changes in England in the style of wearing the hair, see Hewett's "Ancient Armor," i. 150, and Strickland's "Queens of England," i. 312.

hair combed smooth, his beard well stroked: no hat, cap, or coif (*kveif*) on his head, his hands bare: his countenance suave, and his whole person thoroughly cleansed. His head and figure must be erect, his gait stately, but not too slow.

The next instructions must be given verbatim:—

When you come to the king, bow humbly, and salute him thus: "God give thee good day, my lord, the king." If his Majesty is at table on your entrance, do not do what many a blundering lout has done, lean against the table, much less sprawl over it like an uncouth idiot. But take up a position so far from it, that all the domestics can easily get between you and the board. But if the king is not at table, approach only so near that the servants have room to pass between you and the king's footstool.

Your hands ought to be so disposed that the right clasps the left wrist. And let them sink before you as you find most convenient.

The proper officer will then represent the matter to the king, and if he requires a little time for inquiry, our youngster must hang about the court, living at his own charges, unless perchance he is bidden to the royal table. He must be sure and not get the reputation of sponging upon others for a dinner; a piece of advice, by-the-by, to be found in that very ancient repertory of Icelandic saws, the "*Hávarmál*," and well worthy the study of those social parasites who, though quite able "to entertain" themselves, regard all hospitality as a one-sided affair, and to them not appertaining.

One thing puzzles our ingenious youth, viz., why a man should wear no cloak in the royal presence, when, if such a thing were done in the country, it would raise a horse laugh among the bystanders; and a man would be written down zany, for turning out just like a gipsy. The explanation for the fashion is, first, that it betokens a readiness to serve, as it were, with girt loins; and secondly, as a precaution against the concealed dagger of the cloaked assassin.

Here follows a little picture which might have been taken from "The Fortunes of Nigel":—

When you are in the king's presence be sure not to converse with those around, but attend carefully to what the king says, so that you may not have to ask him to repeat his words. It often happens when a man is standing in the royal presence that people keep crowding about him, and speering all manner of questions. In some this is due to *gaucherie*; others do it because they would not be sorry if

they could mar the cause of the petitioner. Now if anybody plays you this trick, have a fair word in your mouth for him, thus : " Bide a bit, good man, while I list to the king ; syne I will gladly have speech with thee ! " And if, after this, he goes on speaking, don't answer a word till the king has stopped speaking. Be careful to use the plural in addressing the king. Above all, mind you don't do what some fools do, speak of yourself in the plural, and of the king in the singular. Should it so befall that the king says aught which you do not catch, don't reply, " Ha ! How ? What ? " Merely say, " Let it not displease your Majesty that I speer what you said to me, for I did not quite comprehend. " Don't let the king have to explain his words too often.

A similar piece of advice is given by the contemporary author of the German poem, " The Italian Guest, " already mentioned : —

A younker must be ever quick
To catch what people say :
So need they not repeat their words,
Which is but sorry play :
Nor must he stand upon the bench
On which the knights do sit, etc.

Our candidate for court favor is next supposed to enter fairly on his duties. Early in the morning he must repair to the king's lodgings neat and clean. He must then accompany his Majesty to church and listen devoutly to the service, and when he leaves the church keep within call, but not so near as to inconvenience him in case he wishes to converse with anybody.

Suppose the king goes out for a walk, the courtiers will accompany him, not in a round mass pressing upon him, but in two little equal columns, on either side, and at such a distance that he can converse without being overheard. At table they will speak low, so that their neighbors on either side will not hear all they say. Excess in drinking they will avoid, confining themselves to a moderate enjoyment of the good things. One thing they will specially attend to ; whenever the king has got his head in his tankard, they will refrain from taking a pull at theirs. Even though it is raised to their lips, they must set it down again. The same respect must be shown to the queen.

Again, suppose chieftains of note, whom the king delights to honor, enter the apartment, all the courtiers must rise at once and greet them. Indeed, the same attention must be shown to any of the courtiers on his entrance. The two who sit next him will rise and bid him welcome.

Wherever they are, they will never for-

get their position ; their tone will be subdued and their gestures dignified ; and all ribaldry will be carefully eschewed.

Military exercise and equipments follow ; and by-and-by the author gets the bit, so to say, in his teeth, and dashes at full career through a complete catalogue of the armor, offensive and defensive, then in use. The king, in " Hamlet, " if we remember, talks admiringly of a gentleman of Normandy, lately a visitor at the Danish court, who had served against the French. He

Grew into his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse.
As he had been incorpsed and demintured
With the brave beast.

The centaur he had in his eye was, likely enough, a pure Norwegian. Then follow some useful hints on equitation, where opportunity offers.

If, on the other hand, he is stationed in a city where there is no opportunity of riding, he will practice fencing on foot with some accomplished swordsman, native or foreign, equipped with target or buckler. He ought to do this in heavy armor of chain or plate, and a sword to correspond. If he wishes to be a proficient he will practice the tricks of offence and defence twice a day ; never less than once, unless it be a holy day. All king's-men ought to learn these useful, nay, necessary arts. So thought the Dane Laertes, who by long practice was so dexterous in the use of the rapier, that M. Lamode must fair confess : —

The scrimers of his nation,
Had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If he opposed them.

" In war be tenacious, but not headlong. Let others bear witness to your prowess ; do not boast of your own exploits, lest, hereafter, the death of those you have slaughtered should be visited upon yourself, and that on your own provocation. " He does not here speak without warrant. Instances occur in the sagas of Northmen bragging in Mickligardr (Constantinople) and elsewhere of their having done to death some redoubtable viking ; and, while the words are upon their lips, their skull is cleft suddenly from behind. It is the avenger of blood, a near relative of the deceased, who has tracked the man-slayer with slow but sure foot, and found him out at last. Now comes a *locus classicus* for machines of war. And then follows a sentence which modern cheese-parsers might study with benefit : " All these

things ought to be provided and their use learned beforehand, for nobody knows how soon they require to be used. It is good to have a stock in hand, even if not wanted now."

It was to their superior armor that the Irish author of "The Gaedhill and the Gaill" attributes the victories of the Northmen over his countrymen. At Clontarf, 1014, while King Brian stands apart from the fray, reciting scores of paternosters, the lad Latean describes what passes before his eyes. The Norsemen he calls "blue stark-naked" men, having evidently never seen men sheathed in steel before. "Azure Gentiles" is another and similar appellation given them. For a lifelike picture of these northern warriors, see an old Danish ballad ("Grundtvig," Part III., 180), describing the abduction of Thorsten's bride, which occurred 1287:—

Yond are three hundred warriors bold,
All as a cushat blue;
The steed that is cased in silk attire,
Rides the chieftain of the crew.

Yond are three hundred warriors bold,
Near by the castle yard;
Outside, they all in silk are clad,
Inside, with ring-mail hard.

Well whetted of each is the glaive,
And bended is every bow;
Stern wrath is within their bosoms,
Fell vengeance sits on their brow.

This reminds us of the Scotch ballad:

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in the Johnstone gray;
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand if they may.

At the youth's request, the principal machines used in sieges are enumerated. In one machine it is very interesting to see the principle of the modern ballast-truck, and of the bombshell combined.

The shooting-truck (*skotvagn*) is a good contrivance. It is made like an ordinary carriage, either on two or four wheels. This must be loaded with stones, cold or hot. Fixed to it are two chairs, one on either side; so strong as to be able to hold the carriage when it is running full tilt down a planked incline. Great care must be taken that it does not leave the line. As soon as the chains begin to arrest its race (*rás*), it shoots out its load on those below. It is best to load it with stones of different sizes, some big, some little. Men of experience in defending a castle make balls of baked clay, so hard that they can bear being hurled. In these they put small, hard stones. The moment the balls strike they burst, so that they cannot be slung back again.

This is remarkable enough, but the list closes with an infernal machine, "the *skialldar iotun*, belching forth poisonous fire," which is more remarkable still. The very short description of it forbids all trustworthy conjecture as to its precise nature. It is described as "a curved and panelled giant," and as surpassing everything else in its potency. Was it a cannon made after the fashion of Mons Meg in Edinburgh Castle, of hooped staves? But, according to good authorities, "villainous saltpetre" was not yet "dug out of the bowels of the harmless earth," to hurl destruction as an ingredient of gunpowder;

Nor those abominable guns yet found
To send cold lead through gallant warrior's
liver,

at least not in northern Europe. The first allusion to cannon by Froissart occurs in 1340. The first mention of cannon in England is in 1338. In fact, the use of ordnance is generally assigned to the Battle of Crecy, 1346. But the date of this book is placed by none later than 1240. Could the poisonous fire belched forth by this giant be Greek fire—that happy mixture of naphtha, pitch, resin, and vegetable oil, which is said to have been invented by the Greeks of the Lower Empire? It was certainly employed by the Arabs at the siege of Damietta about this time (1218); and the vikings might have brought the knowledge of it to Norway. But, after all, like the use of the magnet, which Humboldt shows to have been known to the Chinese B.C. 1000, gunpowder might have been invented long before Roger Bacon and Schwartz.

In the "Laurentius Saga" mention is made of one Thrand, the Fusileer, who came from Flanders to King Eric Priest-hater's court in Bergen at Christmas 1294—i.e., nearly fifty years before cannon are heard of in England—and exhibited a *herbrest* (war-explosion), which causes so great a report that few can bear to hear it. Pregnant women are brought to bed prematurely; men fall from their seats. To produce this explosion four things were wanted—fire, sulphur, parchment, and tow.

The date, therefore, of the invention and use of cannon seems by no means certain.

But from this sulphureous atmosphere we now emerge to one more savory and inviting. Behavior in society is now discussed. A polite man skills well in addressing women, whether young or more advanced in years, to use such words as

are suitable to their condition, and are befitting alike for them to hear and him to speak. The ladies will be anxious to compare with this passage, which so explicitly inculcates deference to women, the sentiments of Lord Chesterfield. With a cynical humor he recommends his son outwardly to pay them great court and deference, on account of the power they undoubtedly wield in society; but inwardly to hold them in supreme contempt.

We may here remark, that the Norwegians generally treated their females with courtesy and respect; but then they required obedience, and obedience they would have, even by rougher modes than that by which Petruchio tamed Katharine. The peerless Gunnar boxed his wife's ears. Olaf Tryggvason did the same by Sigrid the Haughty: they both died for it. Sitric, son-in-law of Brian Boroihme, cuffed his Irish wife at the battle of Clontarf for her rude taunts about the flight of his countrymen; upon which the learned editor of the "Wars of the Gaedhill," etc., sarcastically remarks: "Such was the refinement of Scandinavian court manners at that time in Dublin." The provocation, however, was intolerable, and beyond the endurance of Norse flesh and blood. They had no Trollope to counsel them: "When a woman flings, fly!"

Having settled, then, the claims of the fair sex, our author proceeds to lay down rules for a polite bearing towards men. He will know how to say the right thing to the right man. His railleury (*gaman-yrdi*) should be fair and seemly. One branch of politeness, and a chief one, is to know when to use the plural and when the singular. This caution was by no means otiose; and to neglect it was to make a great hole in your manners.

Nigellus Wireker, in his picture of the manners of English students at Paris (about this time), points to certain bad habits they indulged in:—

Fercula multiplicat et sine lege bibunt:
Washell et drincheil, nec non persona secunda:
Hæc tria sunt vitia quæ comitantur eos.

i.e. their faults were gluttony, boosing, and a haughty, insular, hail-fellow-well-met manner, which led them to "tu toi" the French.

The father proceeds:—

Good breeding consists also in the choice of your apparel, both in color and other respects; in knowing when it is proper to wear your cloak, or hat, or coif, and when to go without them.

If the reader objects that these rules are puerile, Counsellor Manners and Chesterfield come to our rescue. The former pithily says to his son: "Let not thy beaver be made with a steeple crown, whilst the crowns of other men's hats are flat, lest they that meet thee take thee for a stalking antic, or an image broken loose from an old piece of arras."*

While my lord might have drawn his awkward fellow from the Icelandic text: "His hands are troublesome to him, when he has not something in them, and he does not know where to put them. They are in perpetual motion between his bosom and his breeches."

The salient features, nay, the finer nuances, of morality (*mæurs*) are next portrayed with much insight, though at times a slight confusion is made between it and politeness, between manners and morals.

There is a long and quaint episode on the fall, wherein Lucifer, turning "nithering" against his Lord, takes the shape of an asp. In those days this animal went on two legs, with body upright and the face of a woman, but with a tail behind.† And so ends our budget of extracts from "The Royal Mirror."

In an age of acknowledged licentiousness, and when an essentially base code of morals prevailed, especially among the higher classes, not a syllable of a lax or immoral tendency escapes the author. While an English nobleman of the eighteenth century, in his letters to his son, did not scruple to postpone morals to manners, sincerity to complaisance, we have here a father of the twelfth century, not less noble by birth, exalted in station, and polished in utterance, who, albeit he pillories awkwardness and vulgarity as keenly and mercilessly as the earl, never omits to extol morality and hold up virtue to admiration. Of women, though they are rarely mentioned, he always speaks with deference and never in disparagement; though a contemporary English writer, Neckam, did not scruple to call the fair "*sax Sathane*." Again, in the chapter of state affairs, there is nothing crooked and Machiavellian; all is simple and sincere. In his monarchical ideas there is nothing savoring of sycophancy and king-worship; no court holy-water descends upon the sovereign. If he com-

* Counsellor Manners, 15. Chesterfield, i. 21.

† Among the wall paintings in the chapter-house at Salisbury, dating, if we remember rightly, from 1158, there is none more curious than the "Temptation," where the figure of the asp in the text is repeated to the most minute detail.

mit faults, he must himself smart for it; no whipping-boy is at hand, no scapegoat to bear the penalty of his sins. Night and day, from his youth upward, he must give heed to his momentous duties. And, *per contra*, the writer is equally alive to what is required of the king's subjects. A genuine patriot, he is always deeply impressed with the importance of every Norwegian endeavoring in his own person, his dealings and behavior, to uphold the honor and fair name of his country. His motto is *Σπούρην ἔλας ταύτην κομείν*.

A most chequered miscellany the work no doubt is, but miscellanies were the fashion of the time. Nay, this very diversity of subjects is clear gain as far as modern inquiry is concerned, though the work may suffer thereby in point of artistic unity, for to this kind of writing we owe so much of our knowledge of out-of-the-way facts, which would otherwise have been lost in oblivion. Most books in those days compassed all creation in their scope, or by way of illustration. Everything was grist that came to the author's literary mill. No historian of a country would think of commencing later than the siege of Troy; possibly he went further back still, and started *ab ovo Ledaæ*. Every poetical effusion would be sure to embrace the deluge. Again, natural wonders were always a popular topic. Our own Robert of Gloucester, in his rhymed "Chronicle," the most ancient professed history in the English language, is also a wonder-monger. After telling us that the vicinity of Salisbury abounded in "wylde bestes" of the chace, and that the county of Lyncolne is celebrated for fairer men, he describes the waters of Bath, Stonehenge, and the Peak of Derbyshire.

With regard to our author's scientific knowledge, we have seen that it is by no means contemptible. Witness his inquiries into the cause of volcanoes and earthquakes, and say whether your Humboldts and Daubeneyes have probed much deeper into the cause of the mysterious underground activities.

His modest conjectures in the domain of physical science do him much credit; if we consider that he lived in an age when astrology, the cabala, and the philosopher's stone were firmly believed in. Always sober-minded, he makes a point of weighing evidence before forming his conclusions, in the true spirit of a philosophical inquirer. If at times he indulges in the marvellous, gravely relating, on good authority, his tales of the Irish wehrwolf, of

the stick petrified at one end and remaining real wood at the other, of the islands of the dead and of the living, all he can say is he has taken very great pains to ascertain the truth, and he states exactly what he had heard.

His natural history, again, is a remarkable production, evincing a great deal of patient research, much of which, moreover, is partly corroborated by recent travellers.

In proof of our author's habit of independent thought we find him, counter to the opinion prevalent in the north, claiming the walrus for the seal tribe, rather than the cetacea; while our countryman Neckam glibly classes the hippopotamus among the fishes.

In describing "Greenland's icy mountains," what a grand opportunity he had for retailing such grotesque old fancies, as that snapped up by Rabelais: —

Those uncouth islands where words frozen
bee,
Till by the thawe next yeare they'r voic't
again.

But our author, on the contrary, prefers entering into an investigation whether Greenland is an island at all, and not rather part of a continent, regard being had to its fauna; which is in fact, a great *questio vexata* of modern science at this moment.

If our author moralizes too much, it was the plague of the day with which all his contemporaries were smitten. But, matched with them, he keeps quite within moderate bounds. Compare his references to the moon with Neckam's dissertation on the spots visible in that luminary, which drives off into the tale of the "man in the moon," and thence by an easy transition into the sin of our first parents.

We have been at pains to compare the writer of the "Mirror" with Neckam, for the two books of the latter — "*De Rerum Natura*," and "*Divina Sapientia*," — are like this work, a very miscellaneous farago, and afford a tolerable sample of the then habits and methods of thought in England.

Advancing further with our writer, his quaint pictures of court life, its dress and etiquette, its occupations and amusements; his elaborate description of armor offensive and defensive, aboard ship and ashore, form not the least interesting pages of the work. And it must be a source of regret that the original plan of depicting the life of the clergy and the peasants was not carried out.

From The Examiner.
GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

LORD WILLOWBY guessed pretty accurately what had occurred. For a second or two his daughter sat down at the table, pale a little, silent, and nervously engaged in pulling a rose to pieces. Then she got up and proposed they should go into the drawing-room to have some tea. She led the way; but, just as she had gone through, Balfour put his hand on Lord Willowby's arm, and detained him.

At this juncture a properly-minded young man would have been meek and apologetic; would have sworn eternal gratitude in return for the priceless gift he was going to demand; would have made endless protestations as to the care with which he would guard that great treasure. But Mr. Hugh Balfour, M.P., was not very good at sentiment. Added to the cool judgment of a man of the world, he had a certain forbidding reserve about him which was, perhaps, derived from his Scotch descent; and he knew a great deal more about his future father-in-law than that astute person imagined.

"Lord Willowby," said he, "a word before we go in. You must have noticed my regard for your daughter; and you may have guessed what it might lead to. I presume it was not quite displeasing to you, or you would not have been so kind as to invite me here from time to time. Well, I owe you an apology for having spoken sooner than I intended to Lady Sylvia—I ought to have mentioned the matter to you first —"

"My dear fellow," said Lord Willowby, seizing his hand, while all the features of his face were suddenly contorted into what he doubtless meant as an expression of rapturous joy, "not another word! Of course she accepted you—her feelings for you have long been known to me—and my child's happiness I put before all other considerations. Balfour, you have got a good girl to be your wife; take care of her."

"I think you may trust me for that," was the simple answer.

They went into the room. Not a word was said; but Lord Willowby went over to his daughter, and patted her on the back, and kissed her: then she knew. A servant brought in some tea.

It was a memorable evening. The joy within the young man's heart had to find some outlet; and he talked then as no one had ever heard him talk before—not even his most intimate friend at Exeter, when they used to sit discoursing into the small hours of the morning. Lord Willowby could not readily understand a man's being earnest or eloquent except under the influence of wine; but Balfour scarcely ever drank wine. Why should he be so vehement? He was not much of an orator in the House; in society he was ordinarily cold and silent. Now, however, he had grown indignant over a single phrase they had stumbled against—"You can't make men moral by act of Parliament"—and the grey eyes under the heavy eyebrows had an intense earnestness in them as he denounced what he chose to call a pernicious lie.

"You *can* make men moral by act of Parliament—by the action of Parliament," he was insisting; and there was one there who listened with wrapt attention and faith, even when he was uttering the most preposterous paradoxes, or giving way to the most violent prejudice, "and the nation will have to answer for it that proceeds on any other belief. For what is morality but the perfect adjustment of the human organism to the actual conditions of life—the observance by the human being of those unchangeable, inexorable laws of the universe, to break which is death, physical or spiritual as the case may be? What have all the teachers who have taught mankind—from Moses in his day to Carlyle in ours—been insisting on but that? Moses was only a sort of divine vestryman; Carlyle has caught something of the poetry of the Hebrew prophets; but it is the same thing they say. There are the fixed immutable laws: death awaits the nation or the man who breaks them. Look at the lesson the world has just been reading. A liar, a perjurer, and traitor gets up in the night-time and cuts the throat of a nation. In the morning you find him wearing imperial robes; but if you looked you would find the skirts of them bespattered with the blood of the women and children he has had shot down in the street. Europe shudders a little, but goes on its way; it has forgotten that the moment a crime is committed its punishment is already meted out. And what does the nation do that has been robbed and insulted—that has seen those innocent women and children shot down that the mean ambition of a liar might be satisfied? It is quick to

forgiveness; for it finds itself tricked out in gay garments, and it has money put in its pocket, and it is bidden to dance and be merry. The *bourgeois* mind is instantly prostrated before the golden calf of commercial prosperity. Everything is to be condoned now; for life has become like a masked ball—and it does not matter what thieves and swindlers there may be in the crowd—so long as there is plenty of brilliant lights, and music, and wine. Lady Sylvia, do you know Alfred Rethel's *Der Tod als Feind*?—Death coming in to smite down the maskers and the music-makers at a revel? It does not matter much who or what is the instrument of vengeance; but the vengeance is sure. When France was paying her penalty—when the chariot-wheels of God were grinding, exceeding hard—she shrieked at her enemy, "You are only a pack of Huns!" Well, Attila was a Hun, a barbarian, probably a superstitious savage. I don't know what particular sort of fetish he may have worshipped—what blurred image or idol he had in his mind of him who is past finding out—but however rude or savage his notions were, he knew that the laws of God had been broken, and the time for vengeance had come. The scourge of God may be Attila or another: an epidemic that slays its thousands because a nation has not been cleanly—the lacerating of a mother's heart when in her carelessness she has let her child cut its finger with a knife. The penalty has to be paid; sometimes at the moment, sometimes long after; for the sins of the fathers are visited not only on their children, but on their children's children, and so on to the end, nature claiming her inexorable due. And when I go down to the slums I have been talking to you about, how dare I say that these wretched people, living in squalor and ignorance and misery, are only paying the penalty for their own mistakes and crimes? You look at their narrow, retreating, monkey-like forehead, the heavy and hideous jowl, the thick neck, and the furtive eye; you think of the foul air they have breathed from their infancy, of the bad water and unwholesome food they have consumed, of the dense ignorance in which they have been allowed to grow up; and how can you say that their immoral existence is anything but inevitable? I am talking about Westminster, Lord Willowby. From some parts of these slums you can see the towers of the Houses of Parliament, glittering in gilt, and looking very fine indeed. And

if I declared my belief that the immorality of these wretched people of the slums lay as much at the door of the Houses of Parliament as at their own door, I suppose people would say I was a rabid democrat, pandering to the passions of the poor to achieve some notoriety. But I believe it all the same. Wrong-doing—the breaking of the universal laws of existence—the subversion of those conditions which produce a settled, wholesome, orderly social life—is not necessarily personal; it may be national; it may have been continued through centuries, until the results have been so stamped into the character of the nation—or into the condition of a part of a nation—that they almost seem ineradicable. And so I say that you can, and do, make people moral, or immoral, by the action of Parliament. There is not an Education Bill, or a University Tests Bill, or an Industrial Dwellings Bill you pass which has not its effect, for good or ill, on the relations between the people of a country and those eternal laws of right which are forever demanding fulfilment. Without some such fixed belief, how could any man spend his life in tinkering away at these continual experiments in legislation? You would merely pass a vote trebling the police force; and have done with it."

Whether or not this vehement and violently prejudiced young man had quite convinced Lord Willowby, it was abundantly clear that he had long ago convinced himself. His eyes were "glowering," as the Scotch say; and he had forgotten all about the tea that Lady Sylvia herself had poured out and brought to him. The fact is, Lord Willowby had not paid much attention. He was thinking of something else. He perceived that the young man was in an emotional and enthusiastic mood; and he was wondering whether, in return for having just been presented with a wife, Mr. Hugh Balfour might not be induced to become a director of a certain company in which his lordship was interested, and which was sorely in need of help at that moment.

But Lady Sylvia was convinced. Here, indeed, was a confession of faith fit to come from the man whom she had just accepted as her husband. He had for the moment thrown off his customary garb of indifference or cynicism; he had revealed himself: he had spoken, with earnest voice and equally earnest eyes; and to her the words were as the words of one inspired.

"Have you any more water-color drawings to show me, Lady Sylvia?" he asked, suddenly.

A quick shade of surprise and disappointment passed over the calm and serious face. She knew why he had asked. He had imagined that these public affairs must be dull for her. He wished to speak to her about something more within her comprehension. She was hurt; and she walked a little proudly as she went to get the drawings.

"Here is the whole collection," said she, indifferently. "I don't remember which of them you saw before. I think I will bid you good-night now."

"I am afraid I have bored you terribly," said he as he rose.

"You cannot bore me with subjects in which I take so deep an interest," said she with some decision.

He took her hand, and bade her good-night. There was more in the look that passed between these two, than in a thousand effusive embraces.

"Now, Balfour," said his lordship, with unaccustomed gaiety, "what do you say to changing our coats, and having a cigar in the library? And a glass of grog?—a Scotchman ought to know something about whiskey. Besides, you don't win a wife every day."

It was Lord Willowby who looked and talked as if he had just won a wife as the two men went up-stairs to the library. He very rarely smoked, but on this occasion he lit a cigarette; and he said he envied Balfour his enjoyment of that wooden pipe. Would his guest try something hot? No? Then Lord Willowby stretched out his legs, and lay back in the easy-chair, apparently greatly contented with himself and the world.

When the servant had finally gone, his lordship said,—

"How well you talked to-night, Balfour. The flush—the elation, you know—of course a man talks better before his sweetheart than before the House of Commons. And if you and I, now, must speak of what you might call the—business side of your marriage,—well I suppose we need not be too technical or strict in our language. Let us be frank with each other, and friendly. I am glad you are going to marry my daughter, and so doubtless are you."

The young man said nothing at all. He was smoking his pipe. There was no longer any fire of indignation or earnestness in his eyes.

"You know I am a very poor man," his

lordship continued. "I can't give Sylvia anything."

"I don't expect it," said Balfour.

"On the other hand, you are a rich man. In such cases, you know, there is ordinarily a marriage settlement, and naturally, as Sylvia's guardian, I should expect you to give her out of your abundance. But then, Balfour," said his lordship with a gay air and a ferocious smile, "I was thinking—merely as a joke, you know—what a rich young fellow like yourself might do to produce an impression on a romantic girl. Marriage settlements are very prosaic things; they look rather like buying a wife; moreover, they have to mention contingencies which it is awkward for an unmarried girl to hear of. Wouldn't a girl be better pleased, now, if an envelope were placed on her dressing-room table the night before her marriage—the envelope containing a bank-note—say for 50,000*l.*? The mystery, the surprise, the delight—all these things would tell upon a girl's mind; and she would be glad she would not have to go to church an absolute beggar. Of course, that is merely a joke; but can't you imagine what the girl's face would be like when she opened the envelope?"

Balfour did not at all respond to his companion's gaiety. In the drawing-room below, he had betrayed an unusual enthusiasm of speech. What man in his circumstances could fail to show a natural elation? But if Lord Willowby had calculated on this elation interfering with Mr. Balfour's very sober habit of looking at business matters, he had made a decided mistake.

Balfour laid down his pipe, and put his outstretched hands on his knees.

"I don't know," said he, coolly, "whether you mean to suggest that I should do something of the sort you describe—"

"My dear fellow!" said Lord Willowby, with an air of protest. "It was only a fancy—a joke."

"Ah, I thought so," said Balfour. "I think it is better to treat money matters simply as money matters; romance has plenty of other things to deal with. And as regards a marriage settlement, of course I should let my lawyer arrange the whole affair."

"Oh, naturally: naturally," said his lordship, gaily; but he inwardly invoked a curse on the head of this mean-spirited Scotchman.

"You mentioned 50,000*l.*," continued the younger man, speaking slowly and

apparently with some indifference. "It is a big sum to demand all at once from my partners. But then, the fact is, I have never spent much money myself, and I have allowed them to absorb in the business a good deal of what I might otherwise have had; so that they are pretty deep in my debt. You see, I have inherited from my father a good deal of pride in our firm, though I don't know anything about its operations myself; and they have lately been extending the business both in Australia and China, and I have drawn only what I wanted for my yearly accounts. So I can easily have 50,000*l.* from them. That in a safe four per cent. investment would bring 2,000*l.* a year. Do you think Lady Sylvia would consider —"

"Sylvia is a mere child," her father said. "She knows nothing about such things."

"If you preferred it," said Balfour generously, "I will make it part of the settlement that the trustees shall invest that sum, subject to Lady Sylvia's directions."

Lord Willowby's face, that had been gradually resuming its sombre look, brightened up.

"I suppose you would act as one of the trustees?" said Balfour.

His lordship's face grew brighter still. It was quite eagerly that he cried out, —

"Oh, willingly, willingly. Sylvia would have every confidence in me naturally, and I should be delighted to be able to look after the interests of my child. You cannot tell what she has been to me. I have tended her every day of her life —"

"Except when you went knocking about all over Europe without her," thought Balfour.]

"I have devoted all my care to her —"

"Except what you gave to the Seven Per Cent. Investment Company," thought Balfour.]

"She would implicitly trust her affairs in my hands —"

"And prove herself a bigger fool than I take her to be," thought this mean-spirited Scotchman.]

Lord Willowby, indeed, seemed to wake up again. Two thousand pounds a year was ample pin-money. He had no sympathy with the extravagant habits of some women. And as Sylvia's natural guardian, it would be his business to advise her as to the proper investment.

"My dear lord," cried Balfour, quite cheerfully, "there won't be the slightest trouble about that. For, of course, I shall be the other trustee."

The light on Lord Willowby's worn and

sunken face suddenly vanished. But he remained very polite to his future son-in-law, and he even lit another cigarette to keep him company.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISLEADING LIGHTS.

THE two or three days Balfour now spent at Willowby Hall formed a beautiful idle, idyllic period not soon to be forgotten either by him or by the tender-natured girl to whom he had just become engaged. Lord Willowby left them pretty much to themselves. They rode over the great dark heath, startling the rabbits; or drove along the wooded lanes, under shelter of the elms and limes; or walked through the long grass and buttercups of the park; or, in the evening, paced up and down that stone terrace, waiting for the first notes of the nightingale. It was a time for glad and wistful dreams, for tender self-confessions, and — what is more to the purpose — for the formation of perfectly ridiculous estimates of each other's character, tastes, and habits. This man, for example, who was naturally somewhat severe and exacting in his judgments, who was implacable in his contempt for meanness, hypocrisy, and pretence, and who was just a trifle too bitter and plain-spoken in expressing that contempt, had now grown wonderfully considerate to all human frailties, gentle in judgment, and good-natured in speech. He did not at all consider it necessary to tell her what he thought of her father. His fierce virtue did not prevent his promising to dine with her uncle. And he did not fancy that he himself was guilty of any gross hypocrisy in pretending to be immensely interested in the feeding of pigeons, the weeding of flower-beds, the records of local cricket matches, and the forthcoming visit of the bishop.

During those pleasant days they had talked, as lovers will, of the necessity of absolute confidence between sweetheart and sweetheart, between husband and wife. To guard against the sad misunderstandings of life, they would always be explicitly frank with each other, whatever happened. But then, if you had reproached Balfour with concealing from his betrothed his opinion of certain of her relations, he would probably have demanded in his turn what absolute confidence was? Would life be tolerable if everything were to be spoken? A man comes home in the evening; he has lost his lawsuit — things have been bad in the city — perhaps he has been walking all

day in a pair of tight boots : anyhow, he is tired, irritable, impatient. His wife meets him, and, before letting him sit down for a moment, will hurry him off to the nursery to show him the wonderful drawings Adolphus has drawn on the wall. If he is absolutely frank he will exclaim, "Oh, get away! You and your children are a thorough nuisance!" That would be frankness; absolute confidence could go no further. But the husband is not such a fool — he is not so selfishly cruel — as to say anything of the kind. He goes off to get another pair of shoes; he sits down to dinner — perhaps a trifle silent; but by-and-by he recovers his equanimity, he begins to look at the brighter side of things, and is presently heard to declare that he is quite sure that boy has something of the artist in him, and that it is no wonder his mother takes such a pride in him, for he is the most intelligent child, etc.

Moreover, it was natural in the circumstances for Balfour to be unusually gentle and conciliatory. He was proud and pleased; it would have been strange if this new sense of happiness had not made him a little generous in his judgments of others. He was not consciously acting a part; but then every young man must necessarily wish to make himself something of a hero in the eyes of his betrothed. Nor was she consciously acting a part when she impressed on him the conviction that all her aspirations and ambitious were connected with public life. Each was trying to please the other; and each was apt to see in the other what he and she desired to see there. To put the case in as short a form as may be: here was a girl whose whole nature was steeped in Tennyson, and here was a young man who had a profound belief in Thackeray. But when, under the shadow of the great elms, in the stillness of these summer days, he read to her passages from "Maud," he declared that existence had nothing further to give than that; while she, for her part, was eager to have him tell her of the squabbles and intrigues of Parliamentary life, and expressed her settled conviction that "Vanity Fair" was the cleverest book in the whole world.

On the morning of the day on which he was to leave, he brought down to the breakfast-room a newspaper. He laughed as he handed it to her.

This was a copy of the *Ballinascreen Sentinel*, which contained not only an account of the interview between Mr. Balfour, M.P., and a deputation from his constituents, but also a leading article on

that event. The *Ballinascreen Sentinel* waxed eloquent over the matter. The member for Ballinascreen was "a renegade Scotchman, whose countrymen were ashamed to send him to Parliament, and who had had the audacity to accept the representation of an Irish borough, which had been grossly betrayed and insulted as the reward for its mistaken generosity." There was a good deal more of the same sort of thing; it had not much novelty for Mr. Balfour.

But it was new to Lady Sylvia. It was with flashing eyes and a crimsoned cheek that she rose, and carried the newspaper to her father, who was standing at the window. Lord Willowby merely looked down the column, and smiled.

"Balfour is accustomed to it," said he.

"But is it fair — is it sufferable," she said, with that hot indignation still in her face, "that any one should have to grow accustomed to such treatment? Is this the reward in store for a man who spends his life in the public service? The writer of that shameful attack ought to be prosecuted; he ought to be fined and imprisoned; if I were a man, I would horsewhip him, and I am sure he would run away fast enough!"

"Oh, no! Lady Sylvia," said Balfour, though his heart warmed to the girl for that generous espousal of his cause. "You must remember that he is smarting under the wrongs of Ireland, or rather the wrongs of Ballinascreen. I dare say, if I were a leading man in a borough, I should not like to have the member representing the borough simply making a fool of it. I can see the joke of the situation, although I am a Scotchman; but you can't expect the people in the borough to see it. And if my friend the editor uses warm language, you see that is how he earns his bread. I have no doubt he is a very good sort of fellow. I have no doubt, when they kick me out of Ballinascreen, and if I can get in for some other place, I shall meet him down at Westminster, and he will have no hesitation at all in asking me to help to get his son the governorship of Timbuctoo, or some such post."

Was not this generous, she said to herself? He might have exacted damages from this poor man. Perhaps he might have had him imprisoned, and sent to the treadmill. But no. There was no malice in his nature, no anxious vanity, no sentiment of revenge. Lady Sylvia's was not the only case in which it might have been remarked that the most ordinary qualities of prudence or indifference exhibited by a

young man become, in the eyes of the young man's sweetheart, proof of a forbearance, a charity, a goodness altogether heroic and sublime.

Her mother having died when she was a mere child, Lady Sylvia had known scarcely any grief more serious than the loss of a pet canary, or the withering of a favorite flower. Her father professed an elaborate phraseological love for her, and he was undoubtedly fond of his only child; but he also dearly liked his personal liberty, and he had from her earliest years accustomed her to bid him good-by without much display of emotion on either side. But now, on this morning, a strange heaviness of heart possessed her. She looked forward to that drive to the station with a dull sense of foreboding; she thought of herself coming back alone—for her father was going up to town with Balfour—and for the first time in her life the solitude of the hall seemed to her something she could not bear.

"Sylvia," said her father, when they had all got into the wagonette, "you don't look very bright this morning."

She started—and flushed with an anxious shame. She hoped they would not think she was cast down merely because she was going to bid good-by to Mr. Balfour for a few days. Would they not meet on the following Wednesday at her uncle's?

So, as they drove over to the station, the girl was quite unusually gay and cheerful. She was no longer the serious Syllabus whom her cousin Johnny used to tease into petulance. Balfour was glad to see her looking so bright; doubtless the drive through the sweet, fresh air had raised her spirits.

And she was equally cheerful in the station; for she did not cease to say to herself, "*Keep up, now, keep up. It is only five minutes now. And oh! if he were to see me cry—the least bit—I should die of shame.*"

"Sylvia," said he, when they happened to be alone for a moment, "I suppose I may write to you."

"Yes," said she, timidly.

"How often?"

"I—I don't know," said she, looking down.

"Would it bother you if you had a letter every morning?"

"Oh," she said, "you could never spare time to write to me so often as that. I know how busy you must be. You must not let me interfere in any way, now or at

any time, with your real work. You must promise that to me."

"I will promise this to you," said he, taking her hand to bid her good-by, "that my relations with you shall never interfere with my duties towards the honorable and independent electors of Ballinascreen. Will that do?"

The train came up. She dared not raise her eyes to his face as she shook hands with him. Her heart was beating hurriedly.

She conquered, nevertheless. There were several people about the station who knew Lord Willowby's daughter; and as she was rather a distinguished person in that neighborhood, and as she was pretty and prettily dressed, she attracted a good deal of notice. But what did they see? Only Lady Sylvia bidding good-by to her papa, and to a gentleman who had doubtless been his guest; and there was nothing but a bright and friendly smile in her face as she looked after that particular carriage in the receding train.

But there was no smile at all in her face as she was being driven back through the still and wooded country to the empty hall. The large, tender, dark-grey eyes were full of trouble and anxious memories; her heart was heavy within her. It was her first sorrow; and there was something new, alarming, awful about it. This sense of loneliness—of being left—of having her heart yearning after something that had gone away—was a new experience altogether, and it brought with it strange tremors of unrest and unreasoning anxiety.

She had often read in books that the best cure for care was hard work; and as soon as she got back to the hall she set busily about the fulfilment of her daily duties. She found, however, but little relief. The calm of mind and of occupation had fled from her. She was agitated by all manner of thoughts, fancies, surmises, that would not let her be in peace.

That letter of the next morning, for example; she would have to answer it. But how? She went to her own little sitting-room, and securely locked the door, and sat down to her desk. She stared at the blank paper for several minutes before she dared to place anything on it; and it was with a trembling hand that she traced out the words, "*Dear Mr. Balfour.*" Then she pondered for a long time on what she should say to him—a difficult matter to decide, seeing she had not as yet received the letter which she wished to answer.

She wrote, "*My Dear Mr. Balfour*;" and looked at that. Then she wrote, with her hand trembling more than ever, "*Dear H —*," but she got no further than that, for some flush of color mounted to her face, and she suddenly resolved to go and see the head-gardener about the new geraniums. Before leaving the room, however, she tore up the sheet of paper into very small pieces.

Now the head-gardener was a soured and disappointed man. The whole place, he considered, was starved; such flowers as he had nobody came to see; while Lord Willowby had an amazingly accurate notion of the amount which the sale of the fruit of each year ought to bring. He was curt of speech, and resented interference. On this occasion, moreover, he was in an ill-humor. But to his intense surprise his young mistress was not to be beaten off by short answers. Was her ladyship in an ill-humor too? Anyhow, she very quickly brought him to his senses; and one good issue of that day's worry was that old Blake was a great deal more civil to Lady Sylvia ever after.

"You know, Blake," said she, firmly, "you Yorkshire people are said to be a little too sharp with your tongue sometimes."

"I do not know, my lady," said the old man with great exasperation, "why the people will go on saying I am from Yorkshire. If I have lived in a stable I am not a hoarse. I am sure I have told your ladyship I was born in Dumfries."

"Indeed you have, Blake," said Lady Sylvia, with a singular change of manner. "Really I had quite forgotten. I think you said you left Scotland when you were a lad; but of course you claim to be Scotch. That is quite right."

She had become very friendly. She sat down on some wooden steps beside him, and regarded his work with quite a new interest.

"It is a fine 'country, is it not?" said she, in a conciliatory tone.

"We had better crops where I was born than ye get about the sandy wastes here," said the old man, gruffly.

"I did not mean that quite," said Lady Sylvia, patiently, "I meant that the country generally was a noble country—its magnificent mountains and valleys, its beautiful lakes, and islands, you know."

Blake shrugged his shoulders. Scenery was for fine ladies to talk about.

"Then the character of the people," said Lady Sylvia, nothing daunted, "has always been so noble and independent.

Look how they have fought for their liberties, civil and religious. Look at their enterprise—they are to be found all over the globe—the first pioneers of civilization —"

"Ay, and it isn't much that some of them make by it," said Blake, sulkily; for this pioneer certainly considered that he had been hardly used in these alien and unenlightened regions.

"I don't wonder, Blake," said Lady Sylvia, in a kindly way, "that you should be proud of being a Scotchman. Of course, you know all about the Covenanters."

"Ay, your ladyship," said Blake, still going on with his work.

"I dare say you know," said Lady Sylvia, more timidly, "that one of the most unflinching of them—one of the grandest figures in that fight for freedom of worship—was called Balfour."

She blushed as she pronounced the name; but Blake was busy with his plants.

"Ay, your ladyship. I wonder whether that man is ever going to send the wire-netting."

"I will take care you shall have it at once," said Lady Sylvia, as she rose and went to the door. "If we don't have it by to-morrow night, I will send to London for it. Good morning, Blake."

Blake grunted out something in reply, and was glad to be left to his own meditations. But even this shrewd semi-Scotchman semi-Yorkshireman could not make out why his mistress, after showing a bit of a temper, and undoubtedly getting the better of him, should so suddenly have become friendly and conciliatory. And what could her ladyship mean by coming and talking to her gardener about the Covenanters?

That first day of absence was a lonely and miserable day for Lady Sylvia. She spent the best part of the afternoon in her father's library, hunting out the lives of great statesmen, and anxiously trying to discover particulars about the wives of those distinguished men—how they qualified themselves for the fulfilment of their serious duties, how they best forwarded their husbands' interests, and so forth, and so forth. But somehow, in the evening, other fancies beset her. The time that Balfour had spent at Willowby Hall had been very pleasant for her; and as her real nature asserted itself, she began to wish that that time could have lasted forever. That would have been a more delightful prospect for her than the anxieties of a public life. Nay, more; as this feeling

deepened she began to look on the conditions of public life as so many rivals that had already inflicted on her this first miserable day of existence by robbing her of her lover. She began to lose her enthusiasm about grateful constituencies, triumphant majorities carrying great measures through every stage, the national thanksgiving awarded to the wearied statesman. It may seem absurd to say that a girl of eighteen should begin to harbor a feeling of bitter jealousy against the British House of Commons, but stranger things than that have happened in the history of the human heart.

From The Spectator.
THE JAPANESE NEW YEAR.

Yedo, January 9, 1877.

IT may not be generally known in England that of the many and great changes which the influx of Western civilization into Japan has made in the manners and customs of the Japanese, not the least in magnitude or importance is the revolution in the calendar, by which the Western method of computing time has been adopted in its entirety. And the Japanese, so often styled the "French of the East," in nothing more justify the title than in the prominence they give to the festival of the New Year's Day, which is now, as with us, the 1st of January. And indeed, Yedo becomes a pretty sight, when decorated in holiday attire, to usher the new year in. A people in whom a natural taste for decorative art is perhaps more developed than anywhere else in the world, throw all their energies into the task of dressing up their city with evergreen. Rich and poor alike have the taste, and all do something. Before the poorest house will be planted a couple of stalks of the omnipotent bamboo, which, having furnished our houses, nay, almost built them, clothed us, and to a small extent, even fed us, throughout the old year, now lends its delicate leaf, and the graceful pliancy of its stem, to help the city to be gay in welcoming in the new. A street in Yedo this day looks like an avenue of bamboos. But much greater things than this can be done by the more prosperous citizen. Here the bamboo is only used to be bent into the framework of arches, and every other kind of device, and then covered with green leaves, with small oranges at intervals, thus supplying by art the absence of England's holly, with its natural

contrast of red and green. And then the climate of Japan peculiarly lends itself to festivities at this season. With the exception of one slight fall of snow, we have had the most glorious weather for many weeks, and the snow itself did not arrive until the new year had fairly begun with a cloudless sky and brilliant sunshine.

If the city is so pretty, it would be natural to suppose that the people would themselves appear in their best attire. And this also is well worth seeing, and worthy of some admiration, as far as the native dresses go. Groups of men and girls are scattered about the streets, playing, with no great skill, it must be confessed, the game of battledore and shuttlecock, a favorite pastime of the Japanese, who play this game as a game of forfeits, wherein the unlucky swain who drops the shuttlecock must submit to have a big streak of black paint drawn across his face by one of the competitors of the other sex, who in this game generally seem to get the best of it, and take huge delight in the infliction of the forfeit. The girls have on their gayest *kimono* or silk robe, which is often very tastefully decorated, and their best wooden sandals, which are generally lacquered. This attire, and a liberal allowance of powder to whiten the neck, which is left bare by the kimono, and rouge to color up the lips and cheeks, often enable the Japanese girl to put in an appearance, wanting in natural charms, but artistically a success. But when we come to the European costumes, then no pen but the pen of Dickens could do justice to the subject. For on this day everybody calls on everybody else, and the mikado holds a great reception for his ministers; and the correct dress to be worn by all not actually entitled to a uniform is simply European evening dress, surmounted by a tall hat. Surely such hats have never been seen elsewhere. For so long as anything is worn which has once been a tall hat, it does not matter what is its present condition, and such trifles as the fact that it has been persistently brushed the wrong way, or sat upon a few times, are beneath the notice of the statesman whose head it adorns. Nor do the dress-suits fail to come up to the same high standard. A pair of inexpressibles that once were black, made on a plan past mortal ken, so wonderfully tight and short are they, have their commencement about an inch above the tops of a pair of lady's boots. How these have been wriggled into no man shall say; the feat has been performed once more in safety, and the

risk has not to be run again until the next new year. But who can blame inexpressibles for being too high at the bottom, when they are so much too low at the top? It must surely be the fault of the waistcoat, of which the other garments are innocent, that there is a broad stratum of shirt between the two; and it is creditable to all concerned that the stratum aforesaid should have been clean no longer ago than the last time it was worn, last New Year's Day. But a dress-suit, even when tastefully constructed of good alpaca, is hardly warm enough for January. We need a comforter, and what so effectual in this capacity as a nice large rough bath-towel? Picture the Japanese *yakunin* complete; his costume, as above surmounted by the remains of his tall hat, delicately balanced on his ears, himself in a *jinriksha*, or mounted on a donkey; and compare this with the graceful, flowing robes of elegant materials worn by his fathers, and all will agree that in the matter of the change of costume, Japan has been most ill-advised.

On the 1st, his Majesty the mikado receives ministers, and on the 2nd there is a general reception of foreigners in the employ of the government, to which certain of the foreign *employés* are invited from each department, the question as to who is to go and who not, being decided arbitrarily by the Japanese in a way which I am informed causes much discontent in some quarters. The presentation on this day consists in waiting the ordinary time that always has to be so spent on such occasions, and then you are admitted to bow to the emperor, who does not return any of the salutations.

Festivities have not been limited to the Japanese of Yedo. Sir Harry and Lady Parkes have well supported the name of English hospitality, and the legation has night after night been gay with guests within and pretty with lanterns without. On the evening of the 6th there was a brilliant gathering of Japanese and foreign ministers and families at the English legation, who were entertained with a Christmas-tree and other festivities. The scene was peculiarly attractive, owing to the presence of a number of Japanese ladies of high rank, whose costumes were an object of great interest and admiration on the part of the foreigners of the softer sex. One lady in particular, the wife of his Excellency the prime minister, was so very splendidly dressed as to experience some difficulty in locomotion; and I think Sir Harry, on whose arm she entered the ball-room, must have felt a touch of relief

when she was safely seated without mishap. Japanese ladies do not wear jewelry, such ornaments as ear-rings are thought barbarous in Japan, but their full-dress costumes of the most magnificent brocades seem to gain rather than lose lustre from the absence of jewels.

To-day the celebrations may be said to have been brought to a close by the ceremony of the reopening and inspection of the Imperial Naval College by his Majesty the mikado. This is an annual affair, and is always performed by the emperor in person. All yesterday was spent in busy preparations, the entrances to the college being decorated, and the walls of the interior hung with drawings and maps. The "Sei-yo-ken" (Foreign House) hotel was also trimmed with evergreen and flags. At eight o'clock this morning, officers of high rank in the Japanese navy assembled in great force to await the coming of the emperor, and of course the English naval mission, in whose hands the actual work of the college lies, were present in their full strength. Waiting in a dress-suit outside a college gate for half an hour or more, with a hard frost on the ground and a keen wind blowing, is chilly work, even under a Japanese sun and cloudless sky; but even this must come to an end at last, and the mikado arrived at about nine o'clock, and proceeded at once to the principal reception-room of the college. Here the officers and instructors of the college and the school attached were presented in due course to his Majesty, after which the foreign ministers arrived, and the proper civilities having been exchanged, the royal party adjourned to inspect the cadets working the heavy guns in the gun-shed of the college, a fine solid wooden building, mounting five seven-inch muzzle-loading rifled guns, of seven tons' weight and Armstrong design, similar to those in use in the British service. These guns were handled by mere boys in a style which spoke volumes for the care and skill of their instructors, as well as for the diligence of the pupils, the excellence of both the broadside and the detached firing leaving no room for fair criticism. When the drill with blank-cartridge was over, his Majesty adjourned to a pavilion outside, to witness the practice with shells at a target moored fifteen hundred yards out to sea. This practice was the weak part of the day's proceedings, for the fuzes of the shells were of Japanese manufacture and pattern, and so much too sensitive that every shell burst almost at the muzzle. But the day, which included a drill of the training-ship,

was a most unequivocal success, and Japan may well congratulate herself on having so quickly acquired a large body of officers as well trained and as effective as these cadets showed themselves to be to-day. This training-ship, by the way, was once in the British service, whence it was purchased by the Japanese government. In England she was known as the "Beagle," a name rendered famous by association with that of Darwin. This inspection may be said to have concluded the festivities of the new year, as to-morrow the mikado leaves Yedo, *en route* for the western capital. This means that the new year is fairly started on its way; the emperor now leaves it to take care of itself.

From The Examiner.

PIANIST AND MARTYR.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young, did she practise many hours a day? Did she train her fingers gymnastically with scales and shakes and exercises on five notes; and did she plod through the bars of toilsome fantasias, repeating them through weeks, a dozen times together, until at last the patient process had achieved the crown of success, and she could take the allegros, and for the matter of that the andantes too, at a fast prestissimo? And did she have next-door neighbors?

In our days there are many maidens, young and doubtless heavenly, who are perseveringly flattening their finger-tips with a view to becoming musical. They pursue their art of measured sounds ascetically, not to gratify a taste but to perform a duty. Left to their own instinctive aspirations, they would have been as likely to wish to learn bricklaying as instrumental music, but they, or their parents for them, know the moral proprieties, and therefore they set themselves to fulfil one of the chief purposes to which nature has destined them and acquire the womanly virtue of playing the piano. The better the girl the longer she practises. Miss Goodenough just passes muster with an hour a day. Miss Well-Pred takes rank as a pattern young lady with three, but Miss Nonesuch with five establishes her reputation as a glory and hope of her sex. The present writer has known two Miss Nonesuches whose merit was quoted in each case as immeasurably enhanced by the fact that the persevering votary of this "forceful art" was deficient in ear for

music, and had no taste for it. One of them succeeded and became, for an amateur, quite a dexterous pianist, particularly neat in her fingering; the other, perverted by inclinations for drawing and for croquet, fell away after only two years' diligence, and by that instability lost more than all the ground she had gained during her period of melodious Juggernautism. It was absurd of her to plead that her two years' hard work had not enabled her to play any one of her "pieces" correctly and in time; if she played so badly there was all the more need for practising.

Putting aside any recollection of personal sufferings of our own, of chromatic ascensions next door of which each note seemed hammered into our aching heads, of *bluettes*, and *pensées*, and rains of pearls and roses and stars and all things droppable and drippable on the piano, setting our brains in a watery whirl as we painfully try to write or read and not to hear, of glib perpetual waltzes and too familiar "short tunes and long tunes" forcing themselves, like old acquaintances defiant of "not-at-homes," through our unwilling ears and churning on inside our heads when we want to write our epic or our recondite treatise on political economy—putting aside all subjective considerations, we must needs revere these martyrs to duty who are to be found in every English home and swarm next door. What they do they do because it is right. They do not know why they ought to give a large part of their young lives to a protracted attempt at mastering a craft which requires a rare and special talent not belonging to them, they only know that it is their vocation. Like Tennyson's linnet they do but sing because they must; but theirs is not the linnet's unreasoning self-indulgent *must*, it is the *must* of the civilized being, obedient to conscience and with a conscience obedient to public opinion. The taunt sometimes levelled at them that they seek and value musical acquirements as a means of winning a husband, is one which, in nineteen cases out of twenty at the least, is undeserved. Girls who consciously go to work to get married know very well that a well-placed sigh is worth fifty sonatas and that no amount of major and minor prestidigitation can win a triumph over the rival who, though a dunce at the music-book, is an expert in smiles and dropped eyelids; and the other girls, who, taking their lives as they find them, shut their eyes and see what chance will send them, simply accept their music, like their lace-embroidery, as a part of woman's mission

to anybody or nobody. The patent fact that so many women "leave off music" after their marriage is no proof of their skill or no-skill having been attained with ulterior motives: other duties arise and multiply, life has become too hurried and too full of much small business for piano-playing as a duty, and it has never been, like the craft of the true musician, a necessity of nature — very likely not even a recreation.

Then, in spite of the theory that the reason the use of the piano ought to be a principal part of a girl's education is that she may be qualified to make a husband's home happy, most men rather dislike *tête à tête* musical entertainments where the wife is the solitary performer. They are sleepy, or they are studious, or they want to go away and smoke, or they are critical connoisseurs and do not like the domestic average, or they like the barrel-organ's cheerful and compendious tunes and are worried at the effort of conscious listening required to follow the melody as their divine Cecilia goes on "adding length to solemn sounds." If the husband can sing at all it is another matter, he wants his wife to accompany him, he votes himself musical, the pair practise together. But the majority of husbands do not sing.

The proper and charitable feeling when one hears of a woman who before marriage gave up her time largely to practising "leaving off music" after marriage is that of pity for her that she ever was constrained to begin it, or — for perhaps, on the principle that you cannot tell if you can play the flute till you have tried, and to train the ear to some intelligent and pleasurable appreciation of harmony, a rudimentary musical education should be given to all children — the pity for her should only extend to her having been constrained to labor on at an uncongenial and utterly useless occupation. No person in whom any particle of the divine faculty of music had life could, after having attained a mastery over the mechanical difficulties of instrumentation and after having made its exercise a daily habit for years, renounce the habit and forego the mastery. If music had not been alien to the nature, it must have become a second nature. Of course this does not mean that there was a dislike to hearing music, any more than that the absence of the painter's temperament involves a dislike to seeing pictures, but simply that the gifts and predisposition which go to make the musician were wanting, as the soil and climate for azaleas

are wanting on Norway hills. In fact the enjoyment of rhythmic sounds is so universal to mankind that, as a general rule, the last thing an unmusical man suspects about himself is that he is unmusical. Once one of the most excruciating and disunited of itinerant bands conceivable out of Hades was jerking through a popular set of quadrilles in a variety of keys and times, when a benevolent and cheerful auditor said to a silent sufferer pacing his garden with him, "Do you like music?"

"Yes," was the answer of course, — who would own to being the man that has not music in his soul? — but the "yes" was languid and slow, for the noise the itinerants were making bore the generic name of music, and the thought had arisen, as it must have often arisen to most people, that the tuneful art gives too much pain for too rare a pleasure. "So do I; I delight in it," was the hearty reply, "I do enjoy this now. In fact I am so fond of music that there is no sort I don't enjoy. It gives me the greatest pleasure to hear even a common barrel-organ." Many respectable persons wholly without ear think they are fond of music, on much the same grounds. Some of them regret that they never learned music; some of them have learned it. Only the latter are objectionable in society.

It is a decided alleviation to party-goers in general, and probably to most of the martyrs to music themselves, that the barbarous custom of making oppressed young ladies bestow their vocal or instrumental tediousness on the oppressed company has gone far towards disappearing. The poor girls, called on to air their abilities before a roomful of strangers and indifferent or even hostile acquaintances, and aware from the comments themselves and their intimates pass on the performances of other girls and the manner in which they listen to them that they will have more critics than hearers and that criticism will chiefly mean censure, fall far short of their best where their best would not qualify them to take the places of fourth-rate professionals at public concerts. They have spent weary hours in practising up the song or the nocturne that was to earn the enthusiasm of the enchanted assemblage, and only mortification is the result; the compliments are forced and cold, and the thank-yous that echo the concluding chords are at least as likely to represent gratitude that the process is over as delight in its having taken place. Of the audience, those who understand music have

wished they were hearing better, and those who wanted to talk have wished they were hearing none.

If a girl plays fairly well, or sings even but a little, her accomplishment may give real pleasure in the home circle, especially if her brothers and sisters are musical too. The young people get up duets and trios and choruses together, fearless of difficulties, and each too self-intent to be unkindly critical of the others; the elders listen in their easy-chairs, and if they do not exactly think their geese all swans, feel that such cheery melodious geese as theirs are pleasanter to hear than any swans in the world.

And yet are even these family evenings made wiser and merrier with well-timed music always worth the cost? Think of the hours and hours of practising. Think of the next-door neighbors.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

A CHINESE STATESMAN.

A RECENT mail from China brought an account of the funeral in Manchuria of a statesman who for the last sixteen years has taken a leading part in the administration of foreign affairs at Peking. Wán Seang, as his name testifies, was a Manchoo by birth. At an early age he gained literary honors at the Chinese examinations, and shortly afterwards accepted office under the government. His promotion was as rapid as his abilities were great, and in 1860 we find him a vice-president of the board of revenue and a trusted adviser of Prince Kung. Though a man of a liberal turn of mind, he was a thorough Chinaman, and at the outset was not free from some of the prejudices of his adopted countrymen against foreigners, nor from the contempt for them which the history of their early commercial intercourse with China was perhaps sufficient to justify, and which was at all events universally shared in by the official classes. One of the first questions of international interest on which, on the approach of the allies to Peking, he was called upon to advise was the fate of the prisoners taken at Tung Chow. "Shall we behead them or send them back?" was the question discussed between himself and Prince Kung. Fortunately the latter course was finally adopted, and months afterwards Wán Seang had many long conversations with one of those whose life he at this time helped to prolong.

After the conclusion of the treaties, Wán Seang was appointed one of the commissioners of foreign affairs at the Tsung-le-Yamun, and in his intercourse with the foreign ambassadors he gained their esteem by his invariable courtesy and by the comprehensive grasp of his intellect. In all matters relating to foreign trade he displayed a remarkable clearness of perception, and was never tired of studying the systems of political economy practised in Europe; but he by no means accepted without question the statements laid before him. He fully recognized the advantages to be derived from such innovations as railways, telegraphs, etc., but he held that their introduction would have then been surrounded with insurmountable difficulties. At a later period of his career he still maintained this opinion, and in a conversation with Sir Rutherford Alcock on the revision of the treaty in 1869 he said, in reply to a proposal that the coal mines should be worked by foreign capital and machinery, "You want us to move too fast. We have had some bitter experience already of what comes of it. We were urged—I don't care to say how or by whom, for the thing is done, and I wish to blame no one—to engage in large works for an arsenal and docks at Foochow, and we have only burned our fingers. Nor is this the first or only lesson we have had of the same kind." ("And here it is impossible not to see he had the Lay-Osborn fleet in his mind," adds Sir Rutherford Alcock.) "It would be the same," he continued, "with railroads and mines and all the rest. We are not ready yet for such great innovations—or improvements, if you will. We are not prepared, and cannot handle with safety all the conditions. Nothing but loss and humiliations and danger could come of our attempts. The time for these things may come no doubt, as you desire; but not yet. We cannot move as fast as you would have us, nor at all in some directions, without manifest loss and danger." These are the words of one of the ablest and most enlightened Chinese statesmen of modern times, of one who was thoroughly acquainted with the condition of the country and who was free from all ignorant bias against foreigners. They are words also of sound practical common sense, and may be studied with advantage by those foreigners who are ever trying to goad China into rash enterprises.

To return to the year 1861. On the death of the emperor Heenfung, Wán Seang

took a prominent part in the *coup d'état* which wrested the government of the country out of the hands of the dissolute advisers of the deceased emperor and vested it in the dowager-empress and Prince Kung. This event secured to him his post at the Tsung-le Yamun, and in that position he consistently used his influence to promote cordiality between his government and those of foreign countries. As an instance of his sense of the value of international courtesy, it may be mentioned that on receiving the announcement of the death of the prince consort he at once went dressed in mourning and, as is usual on the death of an imperial personage, without his button and peacock's feather, to offer his condolences to Sir Frederick Bruce, who was at that time the English minister at Peking. His sympathies probably went out less towards Russia than to any foreign country. "Russia," he once observed in conversation with Mr. Hart, the inspector-general of customs, "is a large country, but it is not large enough for them. They came last year (1860) and took that," pointing on a map to the Amoor territory, "from us."

In all the later "burning questions" which have since agitated foreign politics in China he took an active part, and while never separating himself from his colleagues he always threw his weight into the scale of reason and moderation. Failing health compelled him to absent himself more and more frequently from the deliberations consequent on the murder of Mr. Margary, and his last recorded opinion was his dissent from the pronounced pro-foreign opinions of Kwo Sung-taou, the ambassador who has just arrived in London. This fact gives rise to an interesting question. If Wän Seang, who was a leading member of the liberal party in the cabinet, disapproved of Kwo's advanced views, whom may the ambassador be said to represent? Certainly not the government, certainly not the literati, nor, as far as we know, the people. Wän Seang did not live to see the Chefoo Convention signed, but died full of years on the 26th of May last. On his death posthumous honors were heaped upon him by the emperor, and imperial orders were issued that the arrangement of his funeral should be such as befitted that of so old and faithful a servant of the crown. These instructions we now learn have been carried out, and the funeral procession as it recently arrived at Moukden is described as having been surrounded with every insignia of official pomp. Following the

custom of his countrymen, his bones will be laid by those of his forefathers in Manchuria, far from the scenes of his official duties and political triumphs.

From Good Words.

BEES AND BEE-KEEPING.

WHAT a never-ending source of delight and interest to the little ones are the bees! Bright eyes and chubby arms are perfectly fearless of the anger of their little friends, and chuckle with glee as they lay their hands at the entrance for the busy army to run over, well knowing the bees are great respecters of courage in their friends, and rarely is confidence on either side abused. The whole atmosphere is now redolent with sweet perfume of mignonette, and gay with the azure blooms of borage sown for the bees. Let us see the "bee-master," quaint, old-fashioned title, a relic of the olden times, investigate the economy of his colonies; with the protection only of a light gauze veil, pendent from the brim of a straw hat, but with hands uncovered, he calmly, steadily, and fearlessly removes the crown board or cover of the hive he wishes to inspect. Most people would expect to see the inhabitants rush out in a body and attack the bold disturber; but the fact is, they do nothing of the kind, a few impetuously take wing and perhaps alight on the hands of their master; but do they sting him? No! the practised hand remains quiet, unmoved and unharmed, many more bees come tumbling like a boiling mass over the sides of the uncovered hive, apparently seeking to know why their privacy has been so unceremoniously intruded on; and having satisfied their curiosity, back they go, to rejoin their forty thousand companions within. Whereupon, with a steady, unflinching movement, and great care that no hurt shall come to any of the bees, the fingers now enter the hive and grasp the two ends of a frame filled with comb and covered with bees, many of whom will run over the hands as harmless as flies, and very much tamer; few bees offer to fly, but remain to be returned with the comb to the hive. The apiarian now lifts out each frame *seriatim*, notes the prosperity of the stock or the reverse by the number of young bees in their various stages of growth, as well as the abundance or otherwise of the stores. On a comb near the centre we see the queen busily engaged in her never-ending employment of egg-

laying. Now watch her, in her all-important work; stately she travels over the combs surrounded by a body-guard of her subjects, who make way for her as she moves, and are ready to attend to the eggs she lays. Her majesty inserts her head into a cell to investigate, passes over it, and, her abdomen having taken the place of her head, she turns half round until her antennæ are below the medial line, and her work is done, to be repeated again and again two or three thousand times a day! Such is the fecundity of a young and vigorous queen bee, the mother as well as monarch of every other bee in the hive. The nurse-bees now take charge of the egg, a little white body curved and shaped like a cucumber, which is destined three days hence to give birth to a little white grub which, coiled up at the bottom of the cell, revels in a bath of chyle, a kind of jelly which forms its sustenance for a few days, until it passes to a pupa,

and eventually it becomes a winged and perfect bee. The exact time for the hatching of this latter event depends on whether the perfect bee is to be a queen, a worker, or a drone; the first is matured in sixteen days, the second in twenty-one days, and the latter (which are the males) in twenty-five days. Strange as it may appear, the bees have the power, and may be guided by their owner to exercise that power, to make worker eggs or young larvæ into queens, and this is done by enlarging the little animal's cradle, and feeding it with more stimulating food. We may add that it is part of the art of the skilful bee-keeper not to permit idleness in his apiary, and should he discover a colony of his bees to be in the same condition as we have been contemplating in the garden of our cottage friends, he would take summary measures to remedy the evil.

THE CZAR NICHOLAS'S LETTERS ON THE CRIMEAN WAR. — AFTER INKERMANN. — "31st October (12th November). You must not let yourself be depressed, my dear Mentchikof, whilst you are at the head of the heroes of Sévastopol, having under your orders a body of eighty thousand choice troops, who have just proved once more what they are capable of when they are led as they ought to be, and where they ought to be. With such gallant men it would be disgraceful to think of defeat. Again tell them that I thank them — that seeing their true Russian courage I am satisfied with them. If hitherto we have not had the success which we had a right to expect, God is still full of mercy, and perhaps the success will yet come. As to abandoning Sévastopol, it would be disgraceful to think of it, so long as there are inside its walls and outside eighty thousand soldiers full of energy; it would be to forget our duty, and to lose all feeling of honor and patriotism. That is why I cannot for a moment think of such a thing. Let us die with glory, but not capitulate nor beat a retreat! I write no more, for I know not what there is to write about. I am happy that God has preserved my sons safe and sound; that they have shown themselves equal to their position and its exigencies. I end as I began: Let no one be discouraged — you, as commander, least of all, for all eyes are turned towards you, and your example ought to animate every individual to the fulfilment of his duty to the last extremity. May God protect you! I embrace you affectionately." "2nd (14th November). In the name of God take

care of the wounded; watch over them as much as possible. Encourage the troops; speak to them in my name; thank them! Let them know that their services are appreciated, and that their exploits reach me. Reward as soon as possible those who distinguish themselves." . . . "7th (19th November). Your report of the 31st of October reached me this evening, my dear Mentchikof. God be praised that nothing very bad has happened as yet! The animated spirit of the army rejoices me very much; besides, I had no right to doubt it. It would be desirable that the troops should distinguish themselves, show their valor and their zeal: they can do it if they are skilfully directed. Thanks to God, the wounded are recovering. I will not cease to beg of you to do all you can to alleviate their sufferings. It is with a lively sentiment of pleasure I read your report, so honorable to my children; as a father, I am happy not to have been deceived in them. In my last letter I had already granted you the permission to decorate them, if you thought it just to do so. It would be wrong, too, to forget all those who are meritorious. I suppose Prince Gortchakof will find no obstacle in sending to you what forces he can spare from Nicolaïef. Note well that, those forces arrived, there will be no more to send. It would be vexatious to exhaust this last reserve, for it is the only one available to complete the other corps, for God alone knows what awaits us. It is very much to be regretted that your excellent cavalry had no chance of distinguishing itself."

St. James's Magazine.